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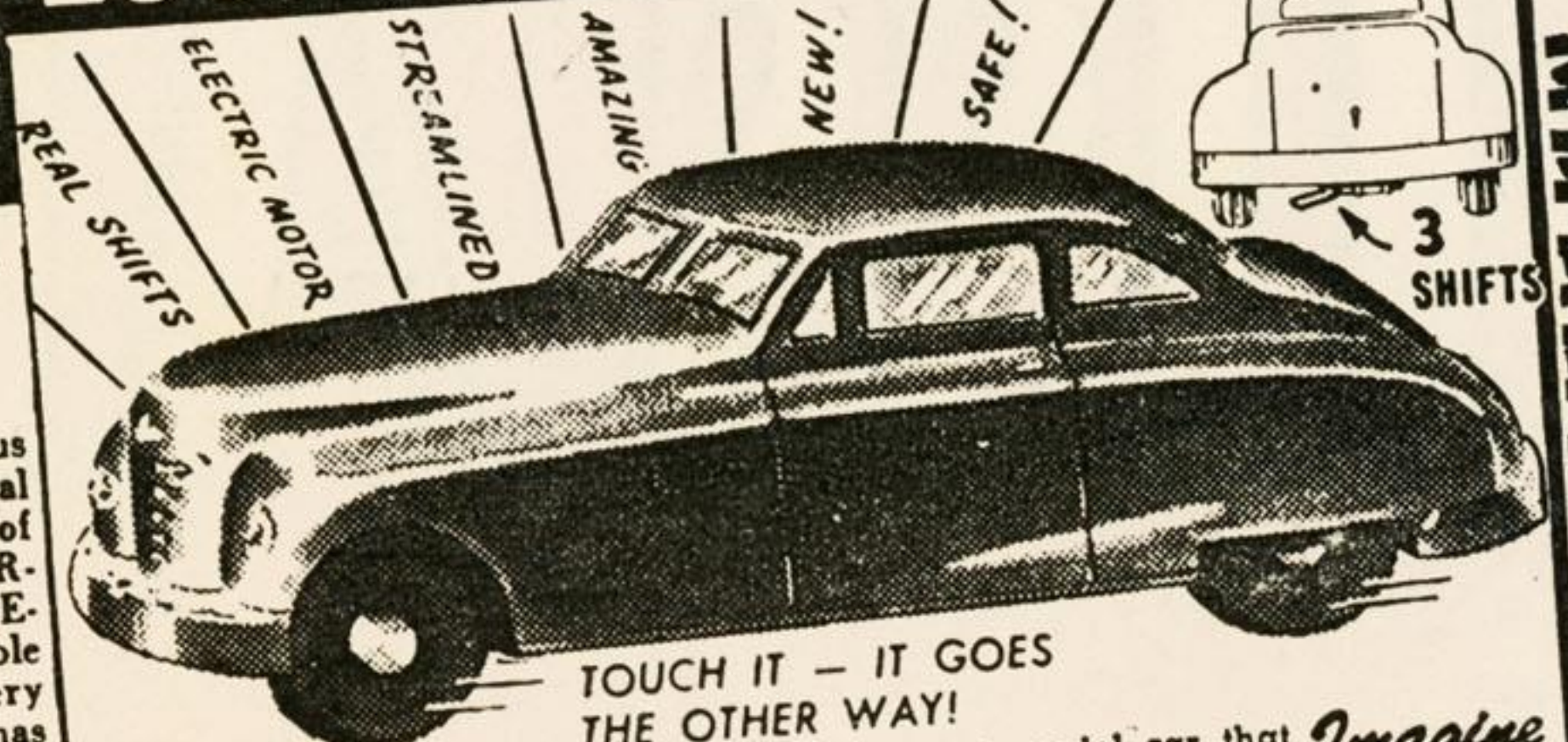


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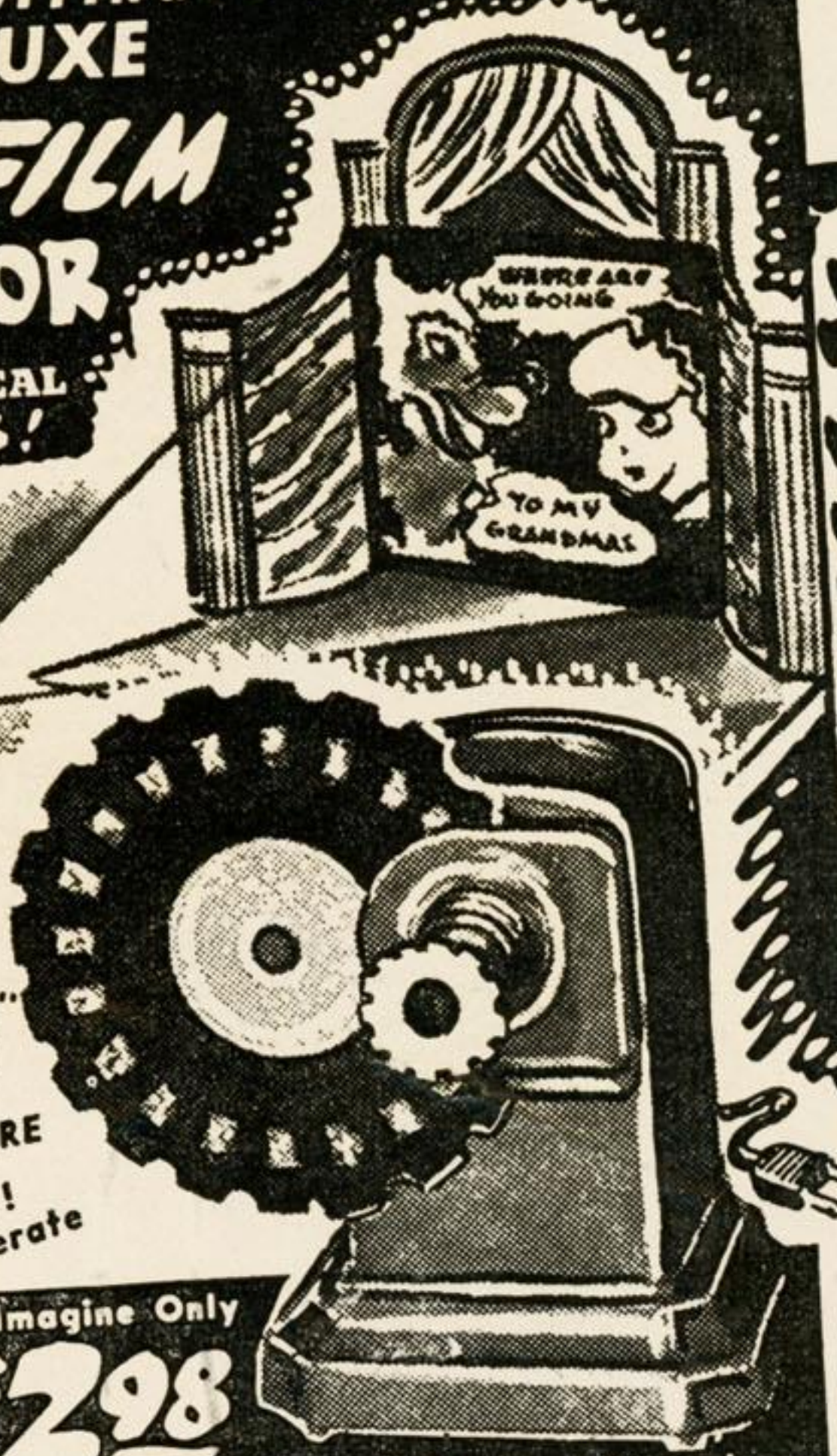
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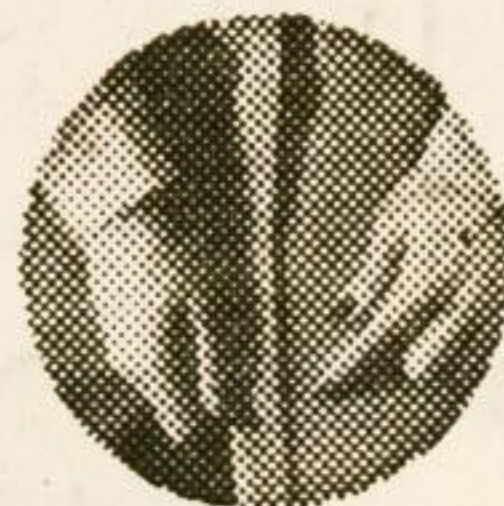
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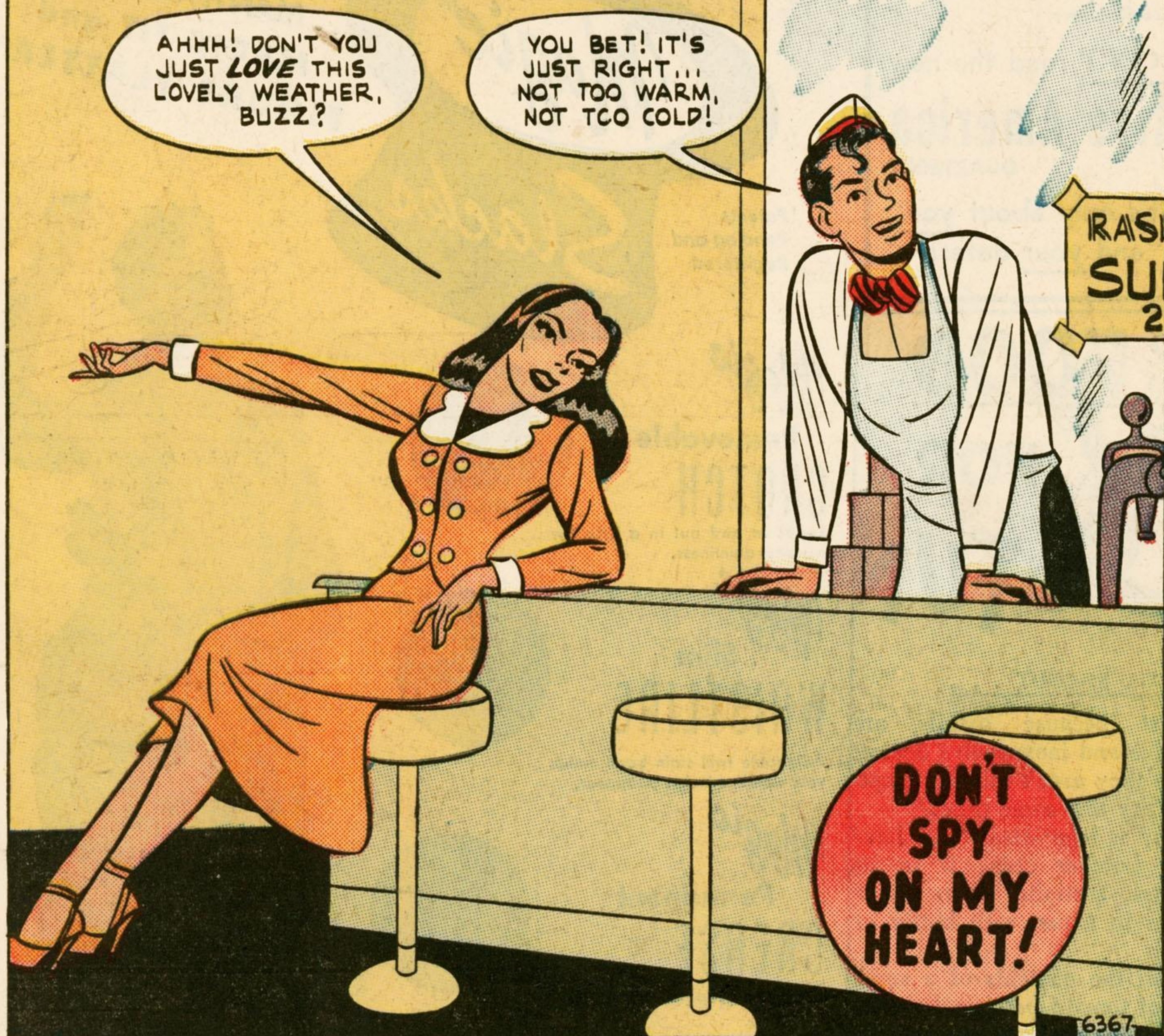
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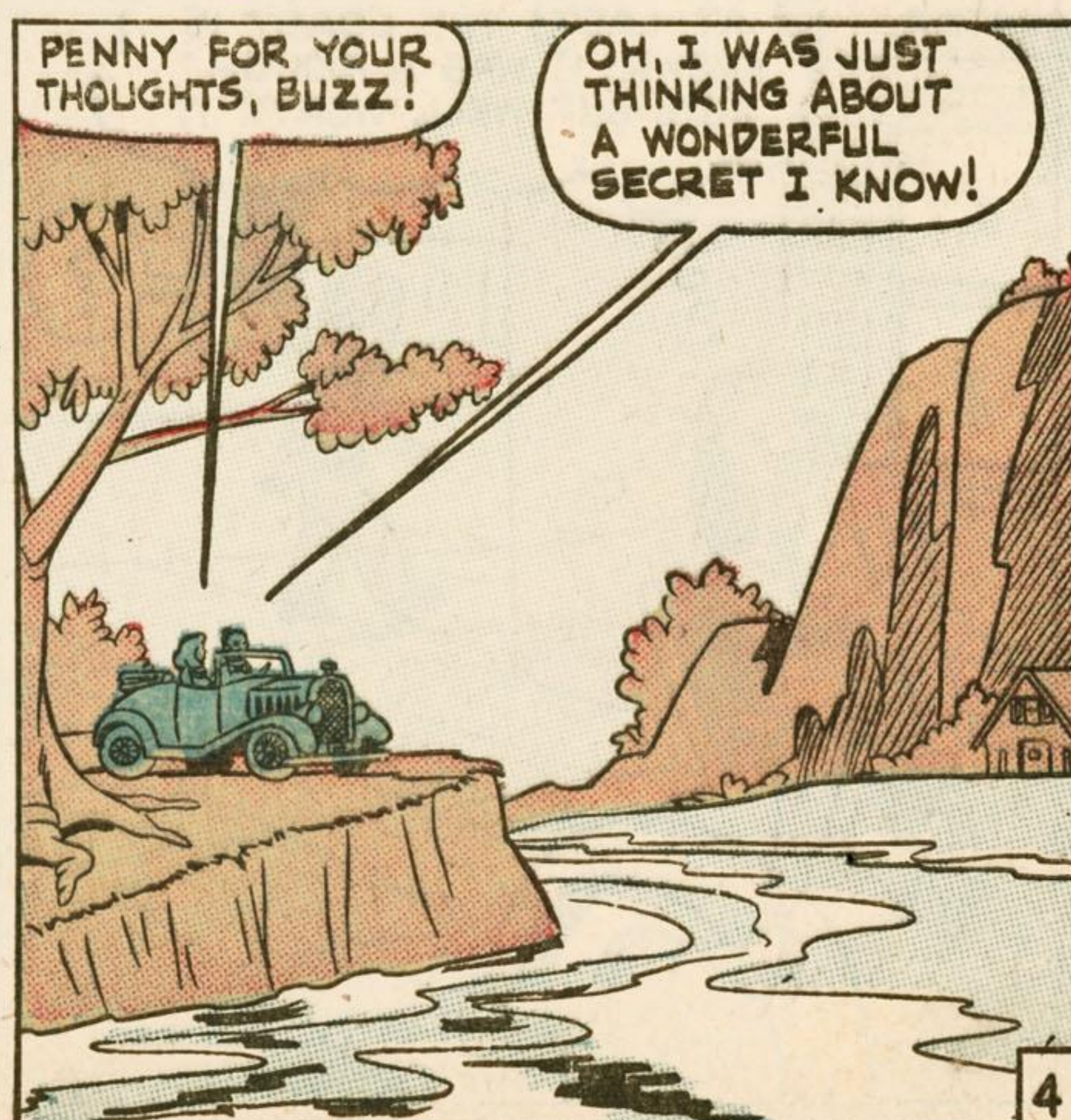
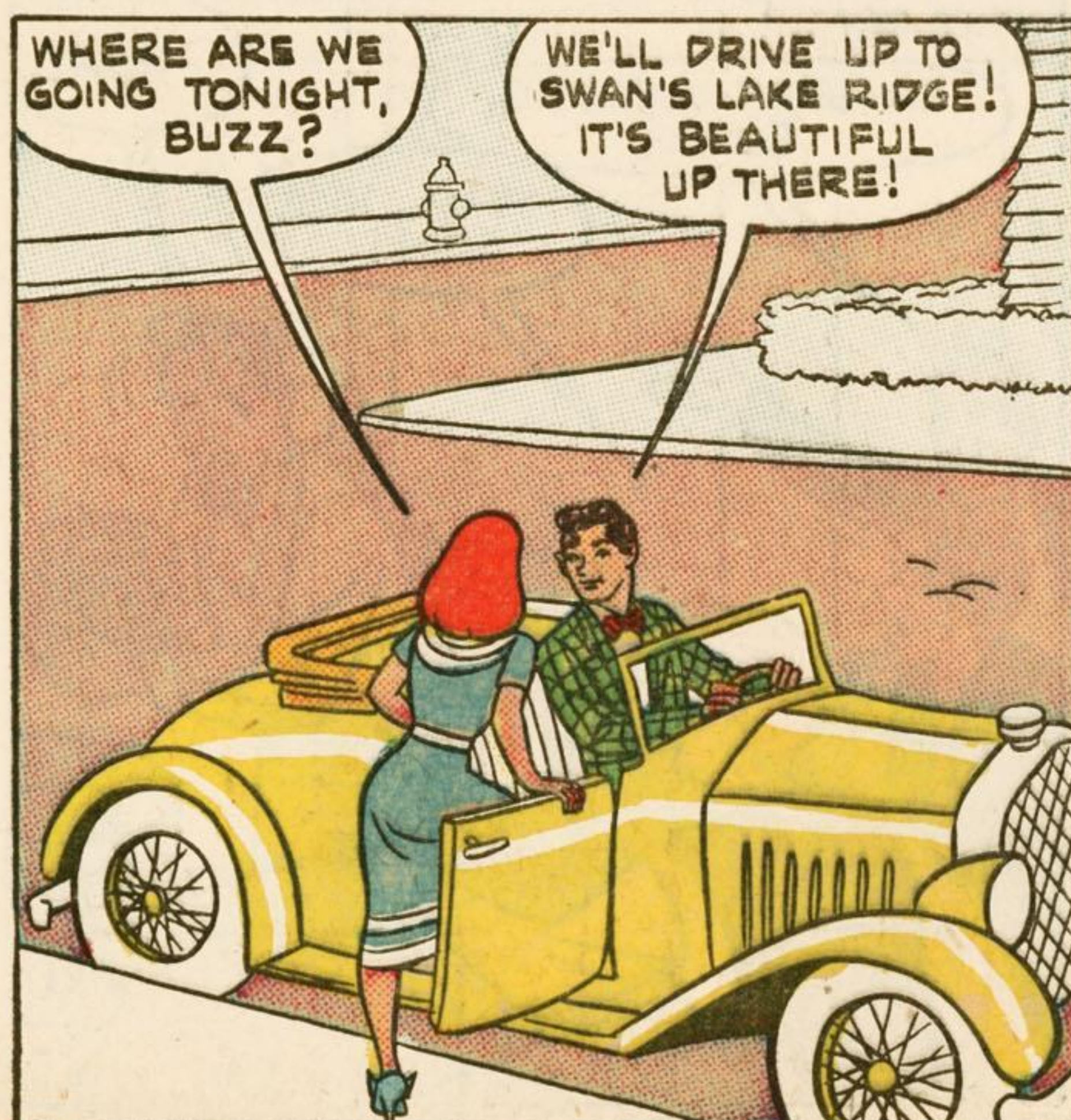
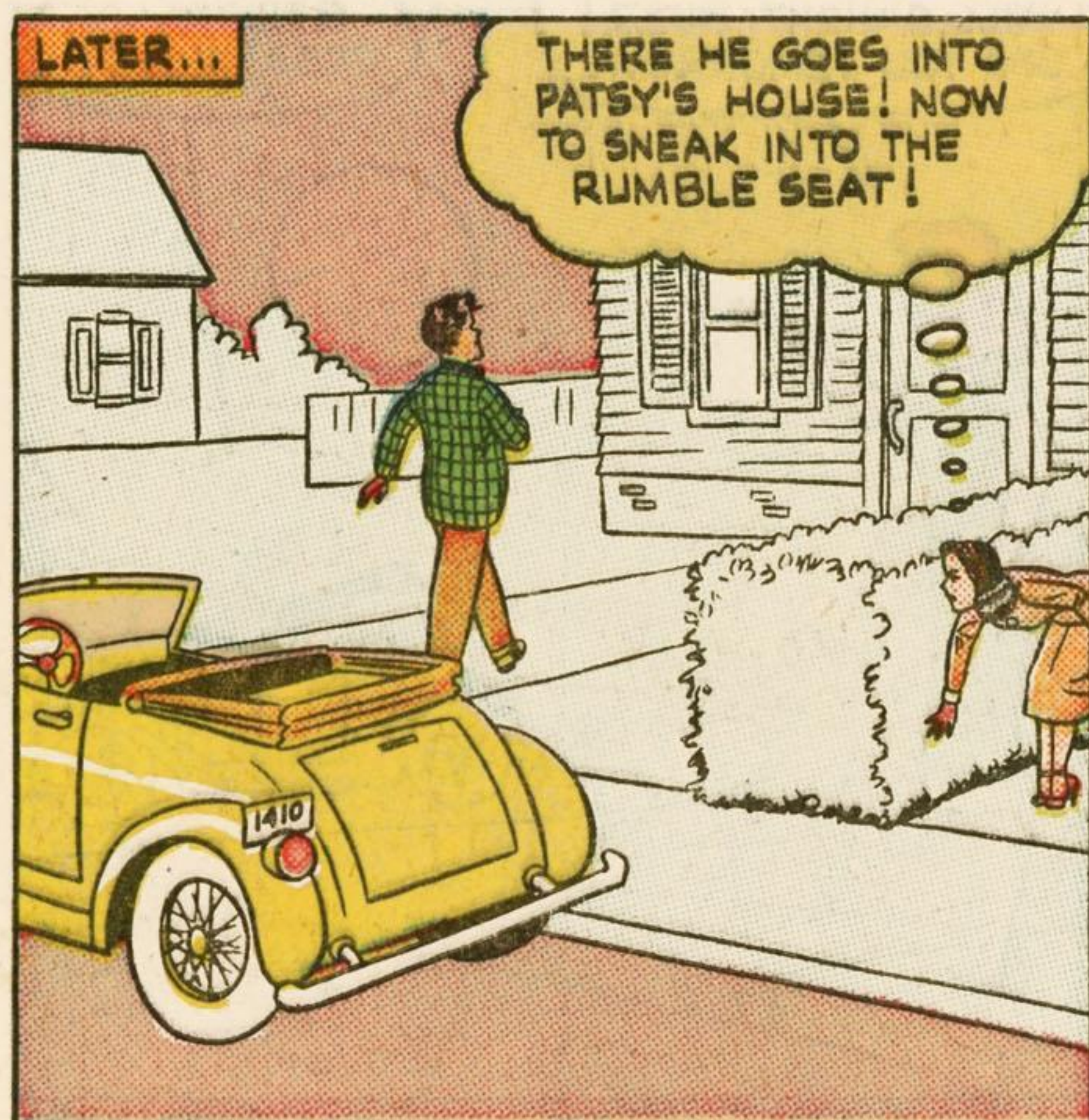
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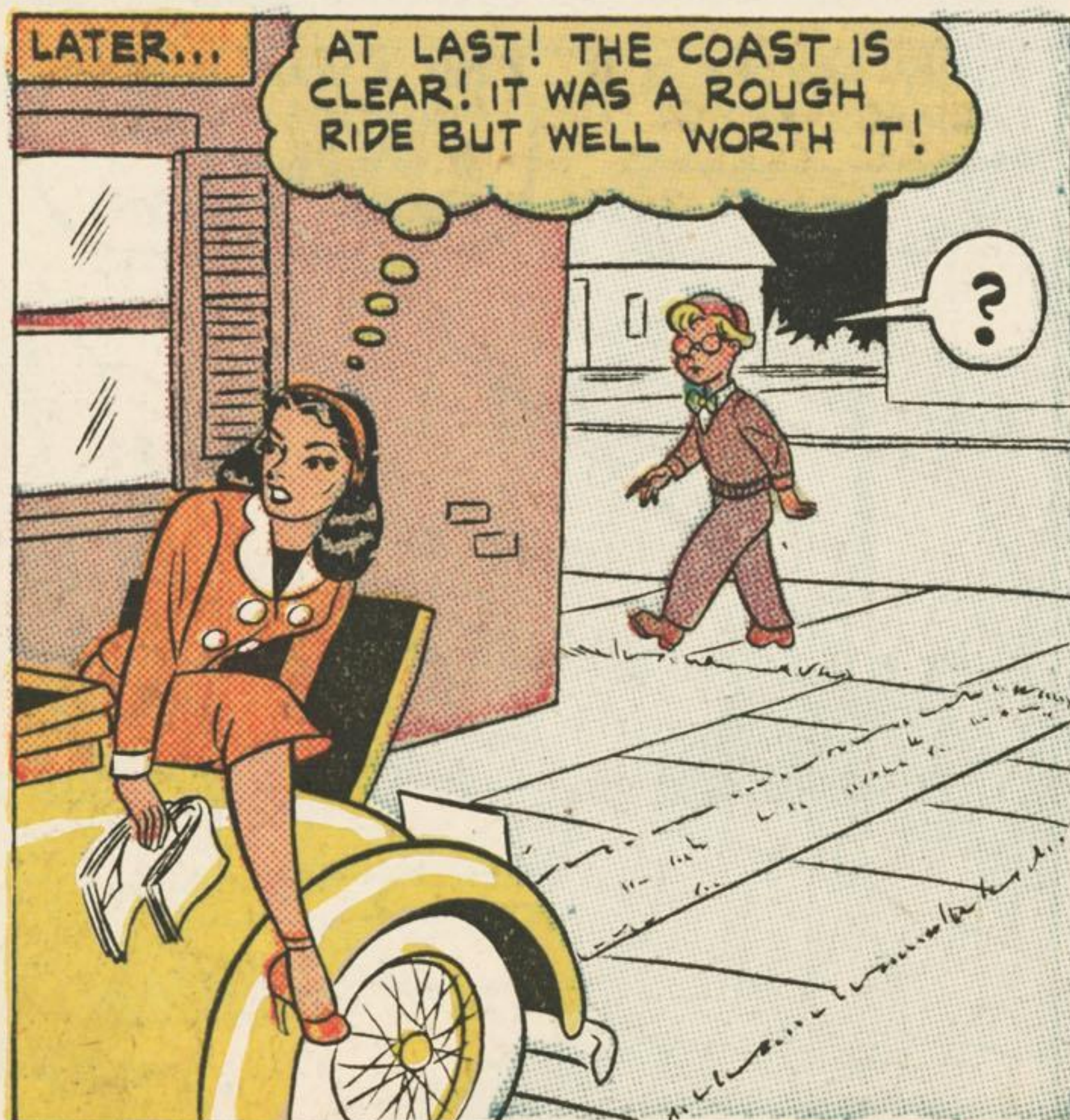
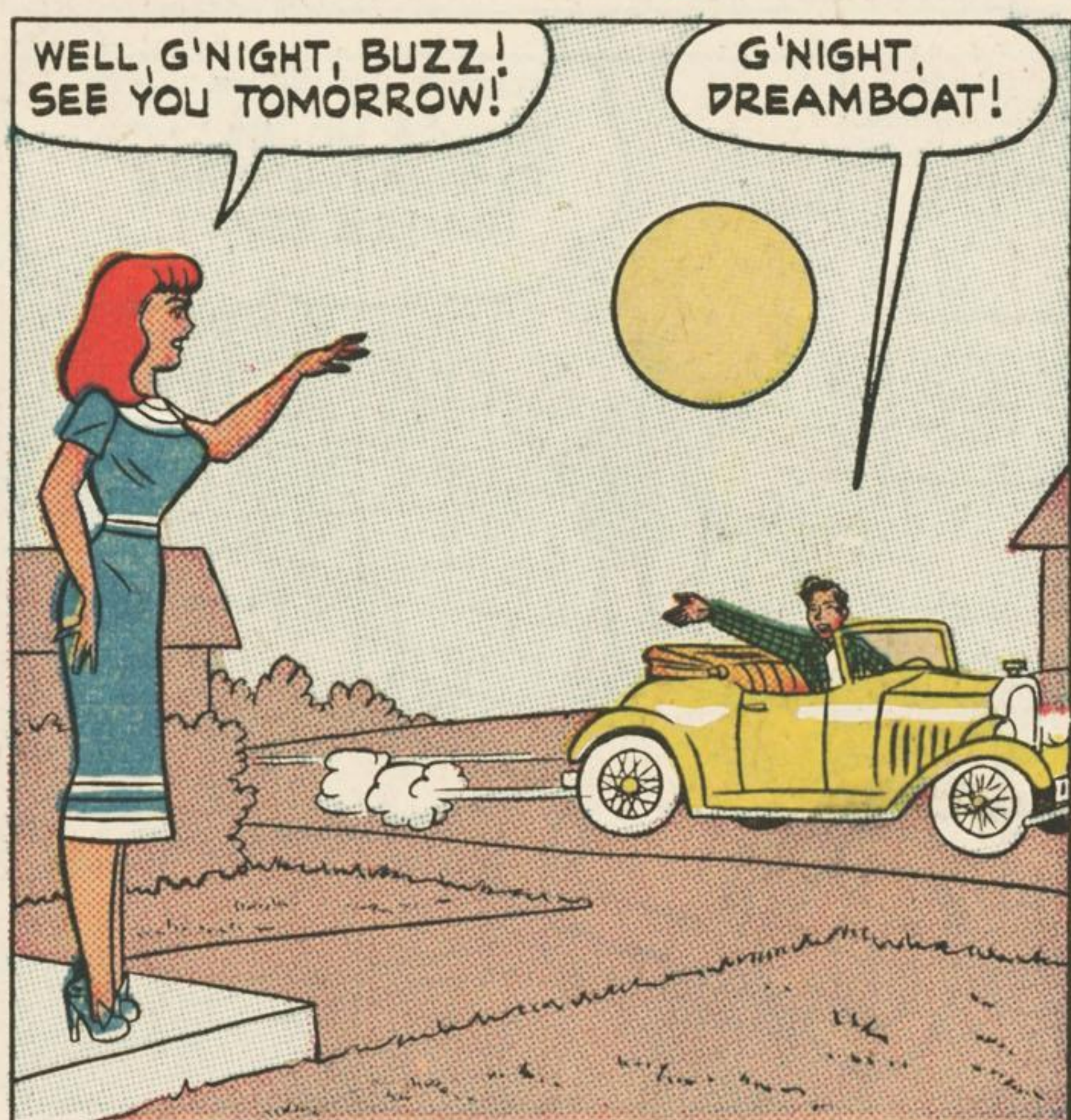
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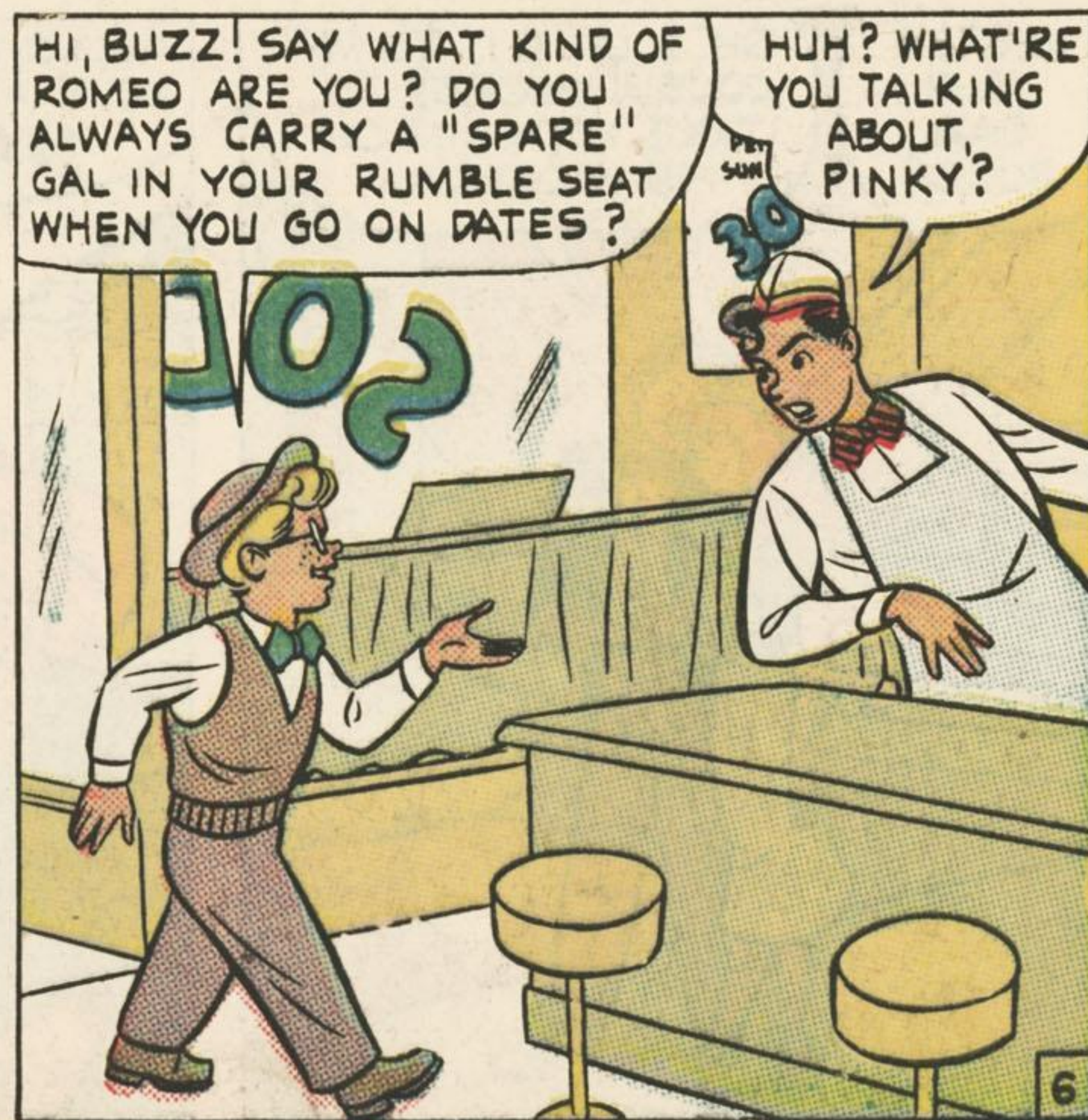
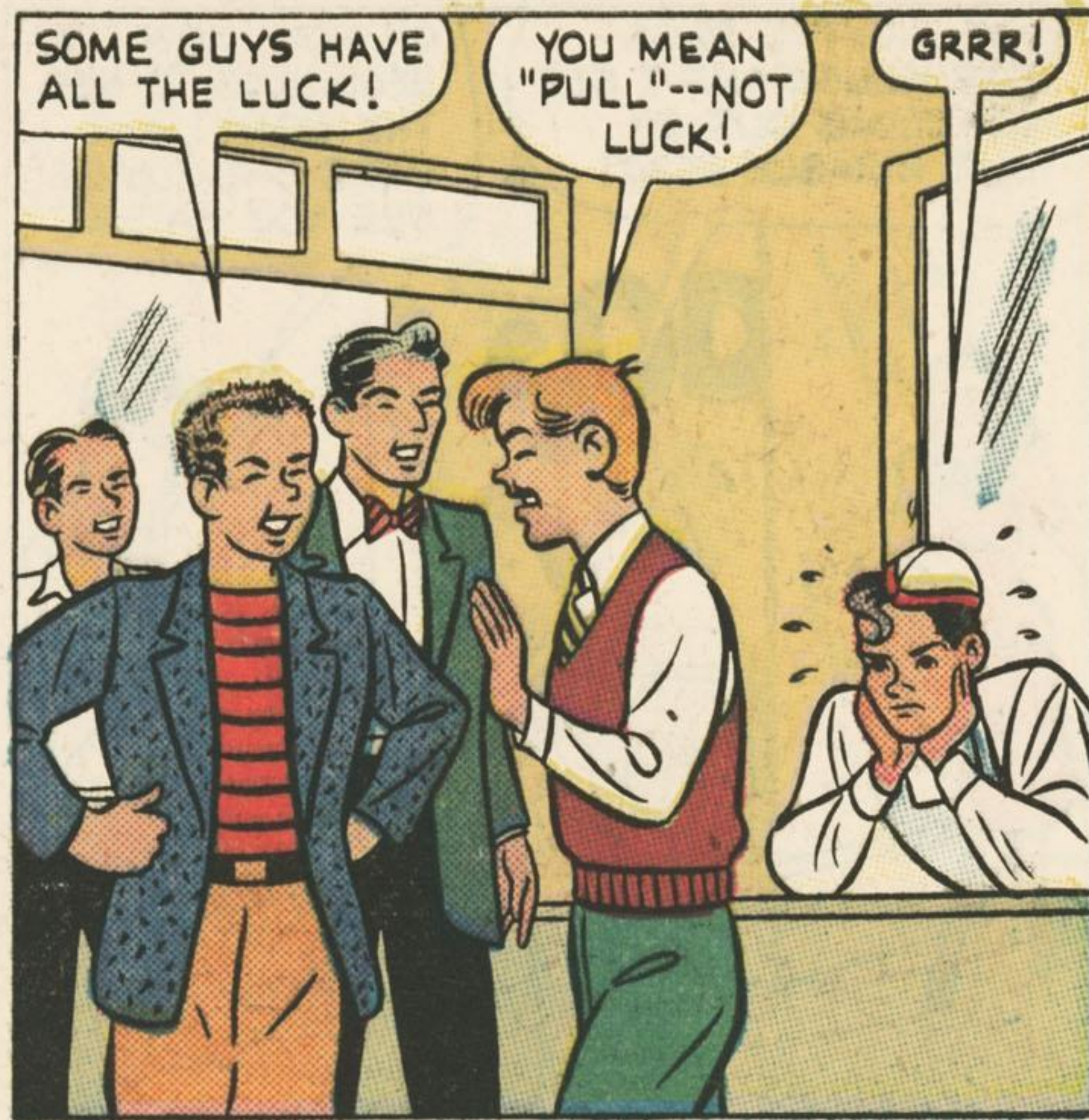


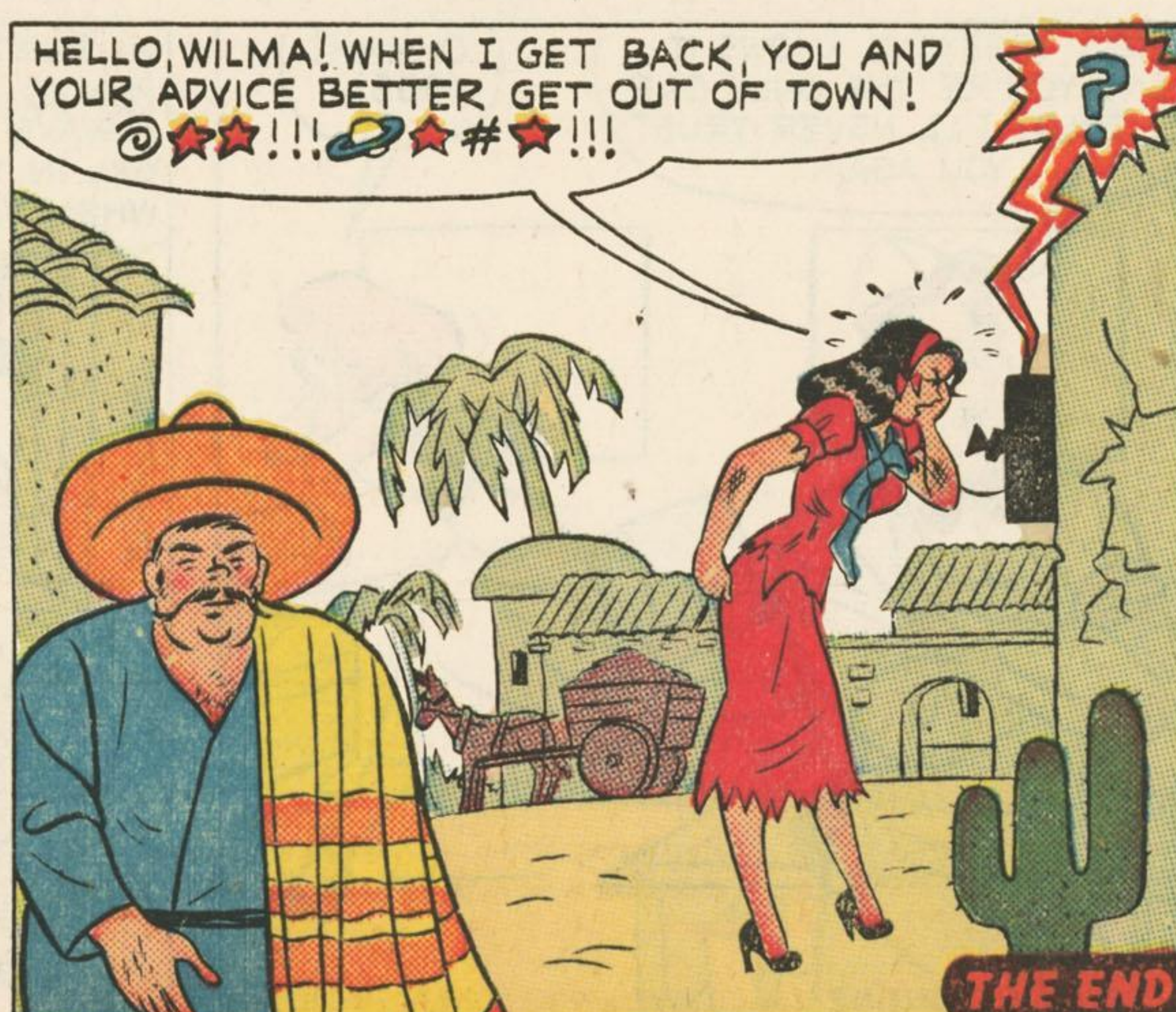
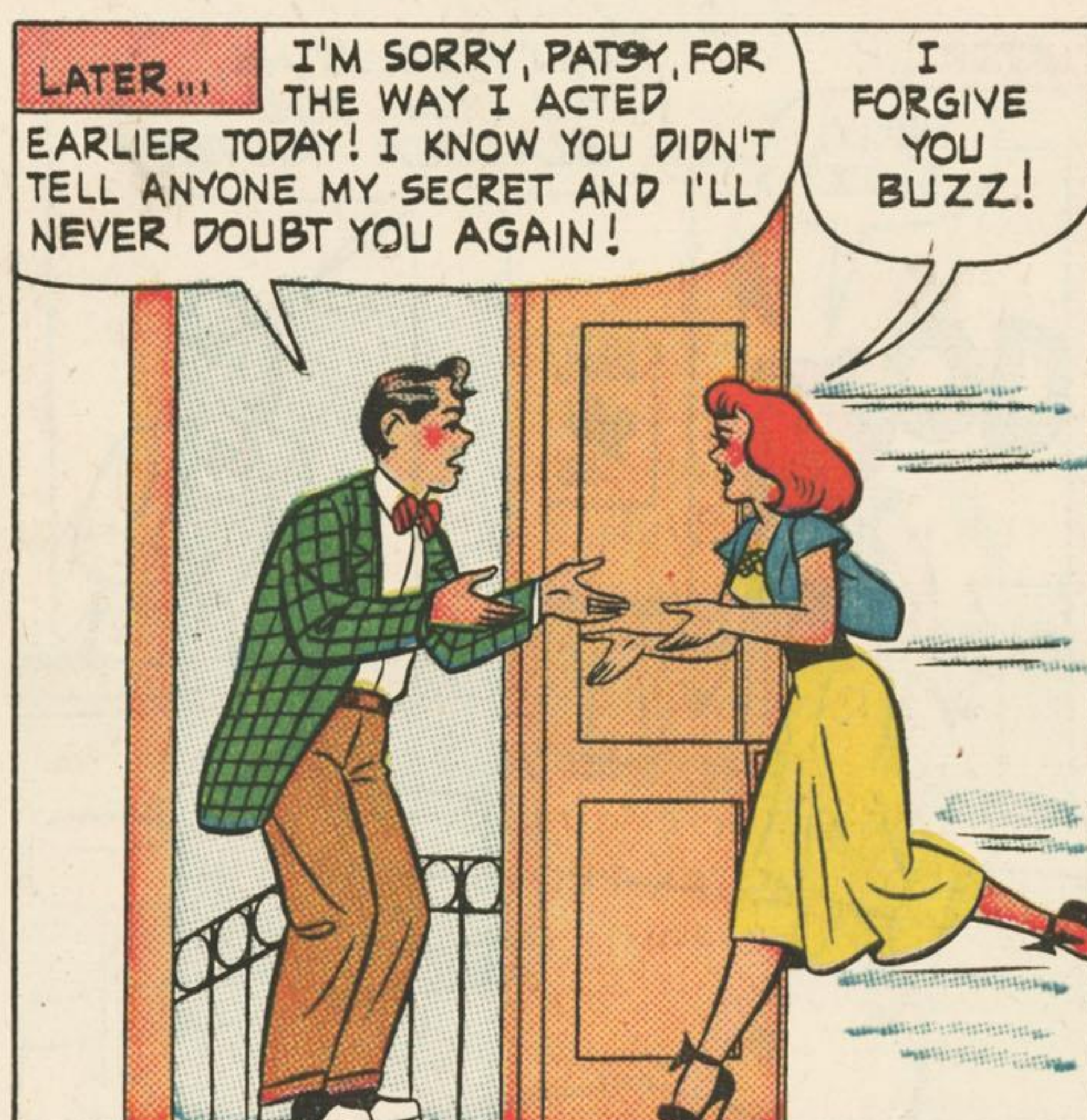
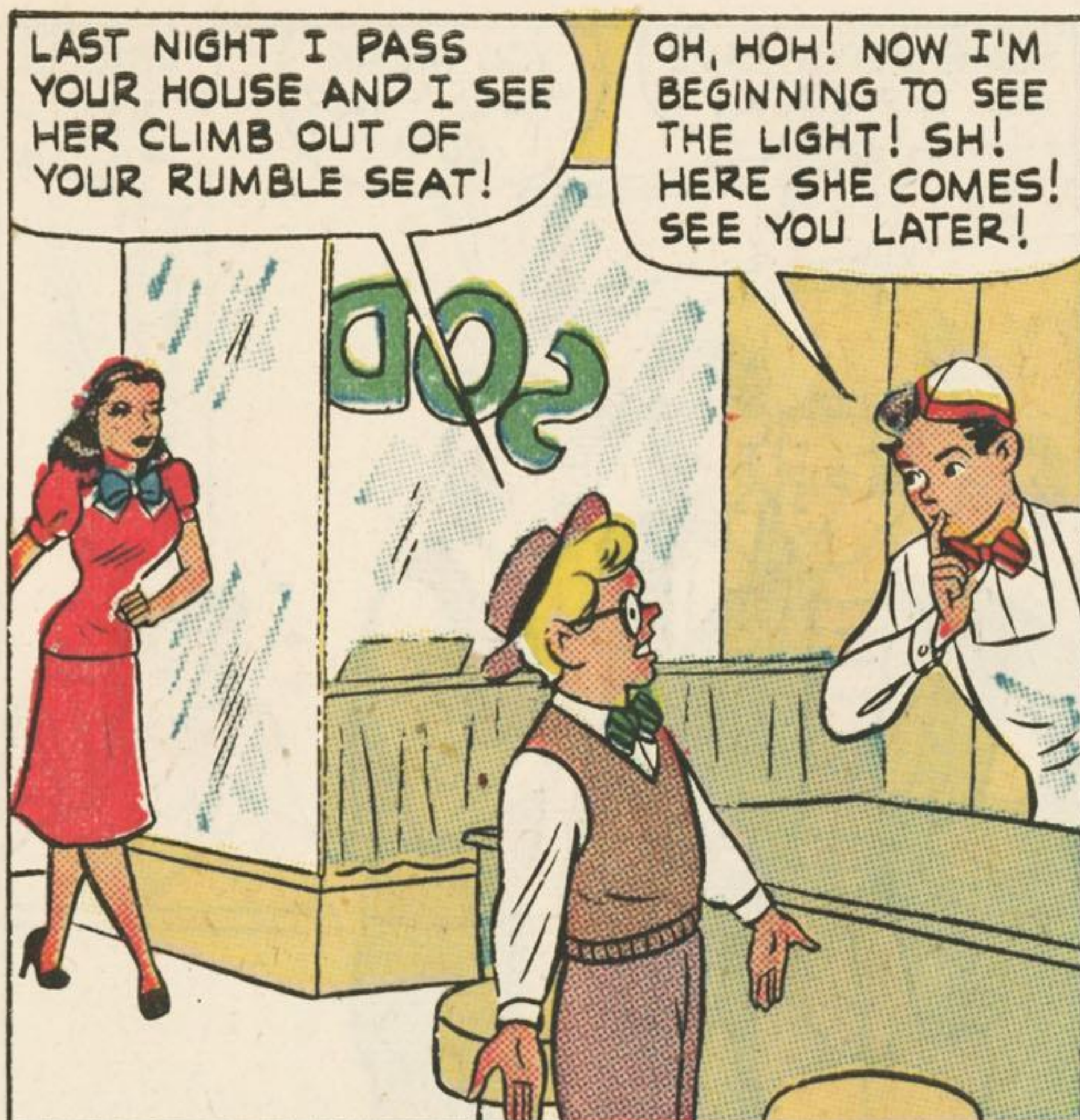












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Thail couldn't understand why she still loved Terry—when he had practically ruined her life!

DANGEROUS DATE

IN the sky rode a thin, silver crescent of moon, and the spring night was warm and fragrant around us. I relaxed and slid lower on the red leather seat and raised my arms over my head.

"What a night, Johnny. Drive slower. I don't care if we never get there!"

The boy at the wheel grinned at me. "If I go any slower, we'll be moving backwards."

"And that would hardly be a fate worse than death, either. It's so lovely out here."

He slowed down as we came to a bridge which crossed a small stream, cut the motor and leaned back. "Want to look at all the pretty stars in the water?"

"Yes," I said promptly, with a shadow of relief in my voice. "Oh yes."

We left the car and sauntered halfway out on the old wooden bridge. There we leaned against the waist-high railing and stared down at the smooth, black water that reflected the sky like a mirror. John Holmes' hand closed over mine on the rail as he asked, "Don't you want to go to this party, Thail?"

"I don't know," I said. I knew my voice sounded troubled. "A year ago it would have seemed the most wonderful thing in the world—a party, being one of the gang again, *dancing* . . ." My voice lingered over the last word.

"And now . . ." Johnny prompted.

"Now I don't know. I dreamed the dream of tonight so often, Johnny. Especially when the doctors were wondering whether I'd ever walk again. I used to dream that I'd get dressed up in something gray and tailored, with a yellow flower in my hair and yellow suede pumps with the most frivolous heels I could find, and start out on a beautiful spring night with the boy in my life for a wonderful party. A party where I'd dance and dance until I couldn't remember that there was a time when my legs wouldn't move when I wanted them to."

Johnny's hand tightened over mine. "Poor Thail. But you fooled them—the big doctors who shook their heads and said it couldn't be done. You outsmarted them and it's over and all you have to do now is to forget that there ever was an accident!"

"You think so, Johnny?" I shook my head and

smiled at him. "It might very well be. Leave us get on with it, then."

He helped me back into the car, closed the door carefully and went around to his own side. He put the car into gear. "Anyway, Thail, your dream came true."

I stared ahead into the darkness. *Not quite*, Johnny, I thought with a touch of sadness. Almost, but not quite. There's one slight discrepancy. You see—you weren't the boy I dreamed about starting out with.

I glanced at him. Nice even profile, thick light hair with a slight curl that all the brushing in the world couldn't discipline, steady blue eyes that stayed on the road, and a mouth that was a combination of humor and firmness.

I wish it were you, Johnny, I thought. Nobody was ever as nice to me as you've been. All those lessons you brought home and coached me on when I couldn't go to classes. . . . All the little funny things that happened during the school days that you saved up and told me to make me laugh. . . All the hours you spent with me when I was discouraged and sure I wouldn't ever walk again, let alone dance, telling me over and over that I was improving, that I would make it, that you were sure. It was wonderful to know that *somebody* was sure. I guess maybe there were times I might have stopped the exercises and the massage if it hadn't been for you.

"Who's going to be there tonight?" I asked.

"The usual crowd. Tim and Marty, Gil and Jean, Irv and Sally. Terry."

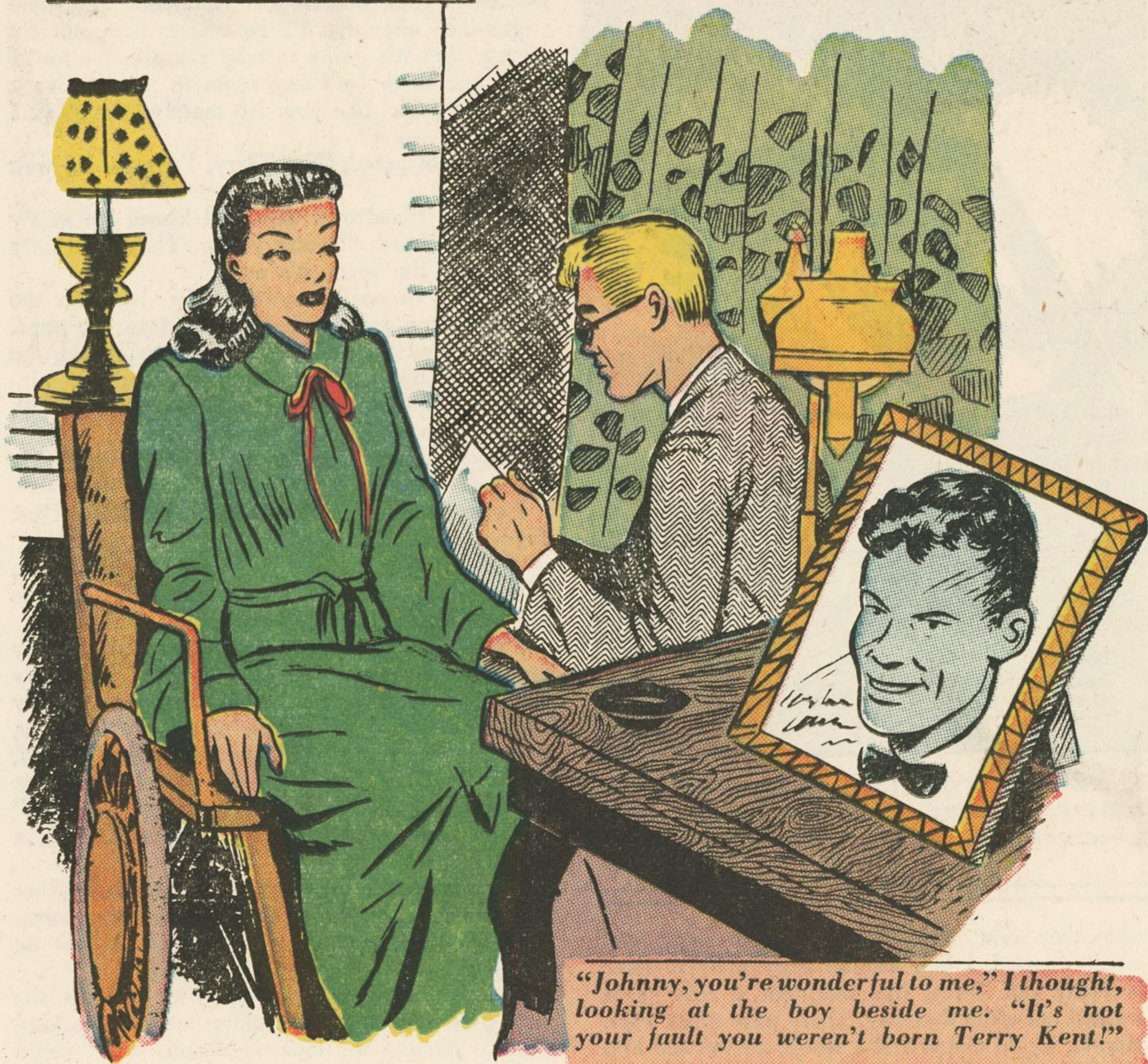
I felt a little shiver go through me. So Terry Kent would be there! And it would be the first time that I had seen him since the accident.

Oh, golly, I breathed silently, what am I going to do? I ought to hate him! I ought to loathe him, but if he asks to see me again, I'm going to say, "Yes, Terry," meekly and gladly and jump at the chance!

"You haven't seen much of Terry since the accident," Johnny said.

I turned my head, startled. It was as though Johnny had been reading my thoughts. "No, not much." I felt myself flush. "As a matter of accuracy, I haven't seen him at all."

"I guess he took it pretty hard. Felt it was his



"Johnny, you're wonderful to me," I thought, looking at the boy beside me. "It's not your fault you weren't born Terry Kent!"

fault, I suppose. And then, too, he escaped without a scratch."

The Terrys always escape without a scratch, I thought bitterly. I remembered suddenly how excited I had been about my first date with Terry Kent. I had known from the first time I saw him how important he was going to be in my life. I had spent forever on my hair and close to forever on my nails. I had taken to my heart every scrap of information I had ever read on how to be intriguing. I had listened breathlessly to his views and laughed at all his quips and followed him the whole evening with eager-spaniel eyes. And loved doing it. And when we reached my front door I had allowed him to kiss me goodnight, something I had never done before. I blushed to remember that when we had stepped apart after that kiss, I had known with a swift certainty that it had meant more to me than it had to him.

And afterward I had waited anxiously for him to suggest another date. Three weeks had gone by

and in between I had seen him with other girls. I had solaced my hurt pride by assuring myself that when he finally did ask me again I would be cool and reserved—and busy.

And then, one afternoon, we had come face to face in study hall and my heart had hammered and I hadn't been able to keep the hurt out of my eyes. When he spoke to me, I had had difficulty in answering. Just before we parted, he said what I'd been wanting to hear. "How about Saturday night, Thail?"

It was the chance I had hoped for. Now I could show how little I cared. I could say, with just the properly casual touch, "Gil asked me to go dancing. We generally do on Saturday nights."

"No," I said breathlessly. "I'm not doing anything. Why?"

There were a series of dates after that, but widely spaced, and I knew there were at least two other girls he took out as often as he did me.

Most of the gang were paired off, and even



I had been crying when it happened—the tearing, grinding noise, the rotating pin-wheels of light, the high screaming sound—the CRASH!

when they went out in a bunch, they were counted off as couples. I had wanted desperately to have it Thail and Terry, like that, but it had never worked out quite that way. There were times when months would elapse and I would neither see him nor hear from him.

And then, on our last date together, when we had had such a wonderful time, I had gathered all my courage together and said, "It's been swell, Terry. What about next Saturday night?" Breathless at my daring but certain he could not refuse.

He was silent for what seemed like a dreadfully long time, and then he had slowed the car and slid into the curb and flipped the switch. He turned to me, his dark eyes solemn now, his mouth straight. "Look, Thail," he said. "I'm going to be honest with you because I like you, probably more than any girl I've ever known. You're a sweet kid and we have a lot of fun together and I'm not going to see you again."

For a moment I had sat staring at him, and then there was a grinding pain in my heart and I knew that nothing was ever going to hurt me again as much as this. My lips moved but no sound came out and I had to say it twice. "Why?"

"You're almost seventeen," he said. "In another year or two you'll be going steady with some nice guy and making plans. And you've got a right

to that. In another year or two I'll be taking my pre-med and afterward there'll be four years of medical school, and later on interning and some vague time after that I'll be able to hang out my shingle. But it's going to take years and a lot of work and there isn't any room in my life for a girl. Not a girl like you. No matter how much I wish there were."

I had whispered, "But Terry, I'd wait. I'd wait forever."

He had leaned over then and kissed me gently on the forehead. "You're young, Thail, and very sweet and I'm sorry it's over."

He had turned away abruptly, back to the wheel, shifted gears and slid away from the curb.

And I had been crying when it happened, the crash, the tearing, grinding noise and the pin-wheels of lights that rotated closer and closer with a high, thin, screaming sound.

"Hey," Johnny said. "I don't want to wake you, but we're here."

I opened my eyes. "I wasn't really asleep. Just daydreaming, I guess."

"Before we go in and the wolves start to howl, I wanted to ask you about the Prom. You've planned on it, haven't you?"

I nodded. I've planned on it for years, Johnny darling. Ever since the first time I saw Terry Kent. It was going to be the high spot of my high school career. Probably of my life. Anyway, that's the way it seemed at the time. Aloud, I said, "Well, *certainly* I've planned on it. I was just wondering if you'd ever get around to asking me."

"You know something?" Johnny said. "I'm a pretty lucky guy."

I smiled at him then because there was nothing I could say. Johnny was swell. Johnny was something pretty special. It wasn't his fault that he didn't happen to be born Terry Kent.

The gang surrounded us when we came in, the girls squealing, the boys making howling, barking noises. "Thail, you look marvelous . . . you'd never guess . . . why you look as though you've been on a vacation . . ."

"Well, thanks, kids. It's nice being back." It was wonderful being back. It was marvelous being a normal human being again and a part of the crowd and one half of a pair, Thail and Johnny. For that was the way it was going to be now. There wasn't going to be any wondering and hoping and wishing this time. It was definite and certain. Thail and Johnny. I wondered why I didn't feel happier about it.

Terry wasn't in the room. A brief sweeping glance had verified that. Maybe he wouldn't come at all, I thought, and felt my heart lift. It would be all right if only I didn't have to see him.

Someone put a stack of records on the machine, and someone else rolled the rugs back, and I found myself in Johnny's arms dancing. I tilted my head back to look up at him.

"This is it, Johnny! Remember how you used to promise me this?"

"It was a great fight, Mom, and I'm glad we won."

"So'm I, John boy," I said. "So'm I."

The boys rushed me, staging furious mock battles for me and the girls laughed, not grudging me the attention, happy to see me on my feet again. I danced endless miles . . .

Then a record came to an end and there was a little click and another started, the poignant strains of The September Song, which had been the first song I had ever danced to with Terry.

"For it's a long, long time . . ." I hummed and, as my partner stopped, I looked up and straight into Terry's eyes.

"Do you mind, guy?" he asked Tim, and Tim shook his head and moved off and I was in Terry's arms and the music was too lovely to bear.

His lips were close to my ear. "You haven't changed a bit."

I moved my head. "Not a bit, Terry."

"I'm glad," he said.

There was no one else in the room, in the world. I had known it would be like that when I saw him again. I followed him effortlessly around the floor and time lost all count and all meaning and suddenly we were in the hallway and the music was far away and we stopped dancing.

He took my hand. "Come on into the kitchen. We have to talk."

I followed him into the white, shining kitchen, where we reached into the refrigerator and took out two cola bottles. I hoisted myself onto the kitchen table, crossed my ankles and watched them swing. Then my eyes sought Terry's face, as they always had done whenever he was in the same room.

"You think I'm a heel." It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact.

"No," I said. And peculiarly enough, I didn't any more. "It wasn't your fault. The police said the other car plowed through a red light and into us. There wasn't anything you could have done."

"I don't mean the accident. I mean afterwards. Thail, I was sick after it happened. Not physically, but mentally. I was sort of numb for a while. When I knew you were hurt I—I—passed out!" His voice was bitter. "The great Dr. Kent. Fainted dead away."

"Oh, Terry, it must have been an awful shock!"

His lips curled. "The renowned surgeon, Dr. Terence Kent, spied a little blood and couldn't bear the strain."

I felt absurdly sorry for him. "Don't, Terry. It doesn't matter now."

"A couple of months went by before I dared to think about seeing you. I knew that when I saw you, helpless and crippled, I wasn't going to be able to stand it. And afterwards, when I heard you were getting better, that you were beginning to walk again . . . well, it was too late to come. I couldn't just breeze in and say, 'Hi, gal, glad you're still among the living, no thanks to me.'"

"Terry!" I said. "Stop! I didn't mind your not coming. I understood. Honestly, I did." I hadn't, really, but I did now.

"You're sure?" he asked.

I nodded soberly.



"You haven't changed a bit," Terry whispered, his lips close to my ear. He couldn't have known that I had, because I didn't know it myself . . .

He put his untouched bottle down carefully and reached for my hand. "There hasn't been anyone else since you, Thail. There won't be ever again. It's going to be Thail and Terry now, isn't it?"

It had taken so long. I had given up all hope of ever hearing him say it. "For as long as it takes, pre-med and medical school and all the rest of it," I said, smiling.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you. What kind of doctor would I make? The patients would have to rise from their stretchers and take care of me in a crisis. Maybe I'll go into insurance or journalism or something. It doesn't matter any more."

His tone was convincing, but I knew him too well. In those long months when I had lain on my back, hurt in both body and mind, thinking and dreaming about him, I had come to realize that his love for medicine was no brief infatuation. It was a love that would never die as easily as he would have me believe.

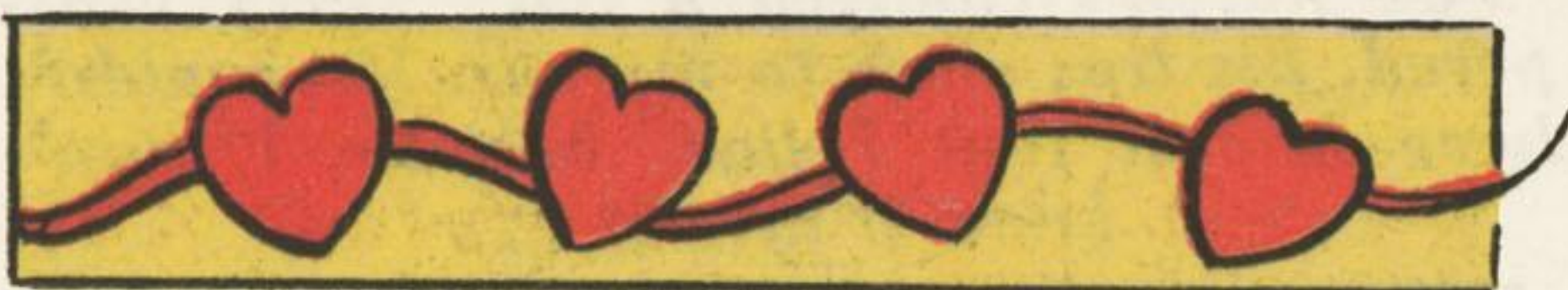
"You really wanted to be a doctor, didn't you?"

"More than anything in this world."

I was silent, thinking over what he had said.

The kitchen door swung in and Johnny appeared. "What's to drink?"

Terry reached for another bottle. Johnny crossed to my side. "Tired?" he asked.



"I ought to loathe Terry Kent," I thought, "but if he asks to see me again, I'll jump at the chance!"

"Not, a bit."

"Dance some more?"

I nodded, slipped from the table and went back into the living room. It was going to be hard on Johnny. He'd been so wonderful and although he would pretend he didn't mind, I knew he would, a great deal. I remembered that he was expecting me to go to the Prom with him, too. How can I disappoint him? I wondered miserably. And I would miss him, too. In some funny little way I had come to depend on him, his bright outlook, his quick understanding of my moods, the sure strength of him that was always there when I needed him most. How was I going to be able to explain to him about Terry?

Suddenly I knew I wouldn't have to explain to him. Because Terry was all over—like a fever that had burned itself out. A year ago I wouldn't have cared about anything except Terry, but now all of my thoughts were for Johnny—and the hurt and disappointment he would have to endure. There was a big gaping space in his life that only I could fill. And somehow, in response, a gap custom-built for him had opened in my life.

I did not want to hurt Terry, but this feeling between Johnny and me was more important than anything else. I had loved Terry with the terrible intensity of first love, but time and absence had done their work. It was finished now. I had come

to value another kind of love, a more grownup and enduring kind.

I felt calm and peaceful and happy dancing with Johnny Holmes.

When Terry finally cut in, I was able to say quietly, "You won't have to give up your dream. Doctors never are allowed to attend their own families or anyone they care for because their emotions get in the way. Something like that happened when we had the accident. You were fond of me and disturbed because you felt responsible and then, too, the shock of the crash affected you. But it shouldn't be allowed to change your plans. You mustn't let it!"

He didn't answer for a while, and when he finally looked down at me there were faint beginnings of hope in his eyes.

"You really believe that?"

"Yes," I said. "And so do you."

After a long time he said, "You'll have to wait years for me, Thail. You know that?"

"No, I won't," I said softly. "I'm sorry."

"It's Johnny, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's Johnny."

"He's a good guy," Terry said. "And lucky, too."

Over his shoulder my eyes met Johnny's and clung. "You know something?" I said. "He's one of the best."

THE END

For Girls Only!

School daze again—and, as usual, you're learning lots more than your assignments! You're learning about HIM—how to find him, how to be a permanent part of his date-list, how to raise his pulsebeat! If this means problems, write me, please . . . I'll help you solve them all with ease!

Personally yours,
Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

A boy I like has asked me to go to a semi-formal with him, and he plans to buy me an orchid. I don't want one. How can I talk him out of it without hurting his feelings?

P. A.

Dear P. A.,

Let him know that you've got your heart set on some other blossom. He'll understand, especially if you tell him that an orchid might clash with the gown that you're planning to wear. If you're a tactful miss, he'll probably be pleased at the thought of saving that extra change for a super snack after the dance!

Dear Polly,

I have been going steady for several months. Recently one of my girl friends warned me that Bill has been out with other girls. When I questioned him about this, he denied it. This girl has lied to me several times before, but she insists that this time she is telling the truth. Whom should I believe?

J. P.

Dear J. P.,

This girl has come selling

tall tales before. Don't be such a good customer of hers. Bill has given you no reason to doubt that he's dating you . . . and *only* you. If you really like the idea of being a steady two-some, you'll have to trust each other, too!

Dear Polly,

The boy I like has a habit of showing off and acting like a child. I'd like to help him overcome this. Sometimes I'm afraid that I'll lose my temper and spoil everything. Please tell me what to do.

M. R.

Dear M. R.,

Good for you! You're a bright gal to face your problems so squarely. Here's a suggestion. You might get your clowning friend to behave by ignoring him when he goes into his act. He just wants an audience—and giggles or frowns will keep him cocky. Refuse to sit up and take notice; and maybe he'll start to grow up a little!

Dear Polly,

My boy friend has a chum who is very annoying. Whenever we go to a dance or a

movie or simply walk home together, this friend tags along. Some of my friends believe that I date the two of them. Can you help me?

F. S.

Dear F. S.,

Apparently, this lad's own social life adds up to zero, and he can't make any plans of his own. Why don't you give him a little nudge? Suggest that he bring along a date the next time he comes sniffing at your heels. Or, better still, ring up a friend of yours and arrange a double date for the four of you. Maybe he'll find he likes the idea of being an escort for a change, instead of a hanger-on!

Dear Polly,

My boy friend does not keep the fact that we love each other a secret. He tells all my schoolmates, and they tease me about him. What can I do?

K. K.

Dear K. K.,

Ask your big moment to come down from his soapbox! Those nice, warm feelings you have for each other shouldn't be

CONTINUED ON PG.50

A MISS AMERICA TRUE-TO-LIFE
ROMANCE...

VACATION FROM LOVE!

6160





OF COURSE STEVE WAS RIGHT! THE MORE I CONSIDERED IT, THE MORE LOGICAL IT WAS, AND THE MORE EXCITED I BECAME AT THE PROSPECT!

I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE TO BE REALLY HOME AGAIN!



I WIRED AUNT MARTHA AND CAUGHT A TRAIN THAT SAME AFTERNOON! ALMOST BEFORE I KNEW IT THE CONDUCTOR WAS CALLING MY STATION...

HILLCREST! IT STILL LOOKS THE SAME-- AFTER FIVE YEARS!



STEVE WAS RIGHT ON ANOTHER SCORE...

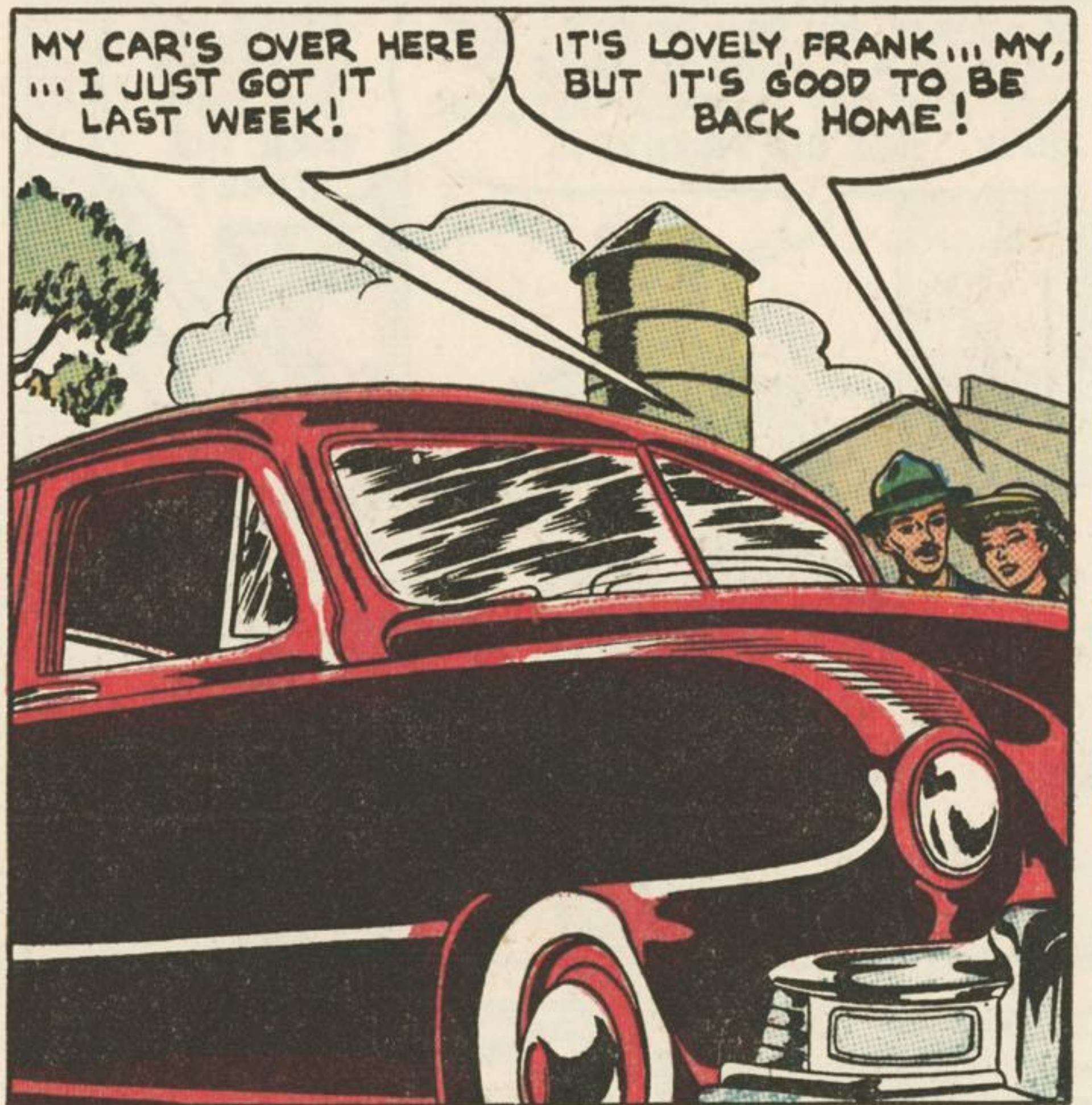
FRANK STANDER! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS COMING?

A GRAPEVINE NAMED AUNT MARTHA!



MY CAR'S OVER HERE ... I JUST GOT IT LAST WEEK!

IT'S LOVELY, FRANK... MY, BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK HOME!



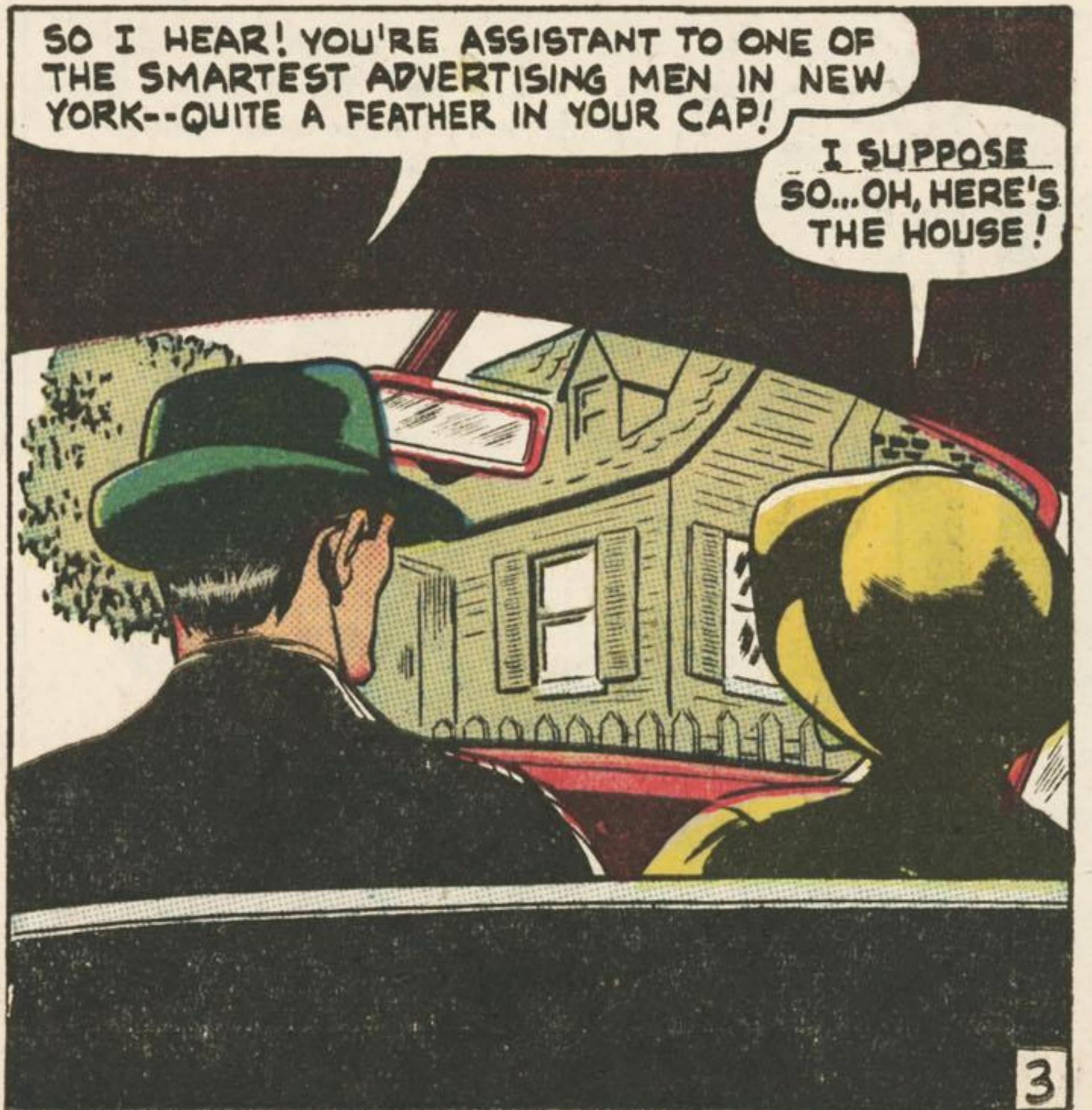
IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO COME BACK! I WAS THINKING MAYBE YOU WERE TOO IMPORTANT FOR YOUR HOME TOWN!

DON'T BE SILLY, FRANK! IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN SO BUSY...



SO I HEAR! YOU'RE ASSISTANT TO ONE OF THE SMARTEST ADVERTISING MEN IN NEW YORK--QUITE A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP!

I SUPPOSE SO... OH, HERE'S THE HOUSE!



AUNT MARTHA!
DON'T YOU EVER
LEAVE THE KITCHEN?

I HAVE TO DEFEND MY REPUTATION AS A COOK AGAINST THOSE HIGH-TONED NEW YORK RESTAURANTS YOU'RE USED TO!



NOW GO GET SETTLED... YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS, FLITTING AROUND IN THOSE FANCY DUDS! GUESS YOU CAN STILL FIND YOUR ROOM...

OKAY, I'LL LEAVE-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE I HAVE TO BEAUTIFY MYSELF FOR A DATE WITH FRANK TONIGHT, THANKS TO YOUR MEDDLING!



I SAT BEFORE THE OLD, CRACKED VANITY MIRROR IN MY ROOM-- IT WAS LIKE SEEING A LONG-FORGOTTEN FRIEND! MY EYES BRIMMED WITH TEARS OF HAPPINESS...

HOME AGAIN! WHY DID I PUT IT OFF FOR SO LONG? IT'S WHAT I NEEDED!



OH! AUNT MARTHA! YOU STARTLED ME!

I BROUGHT YOUR TOWELS... IT'S GOOD HAVING YOU BACK, JOYCE! I HOPE YOU DON'T FIND THINGS CHANGED TOO MUCH!



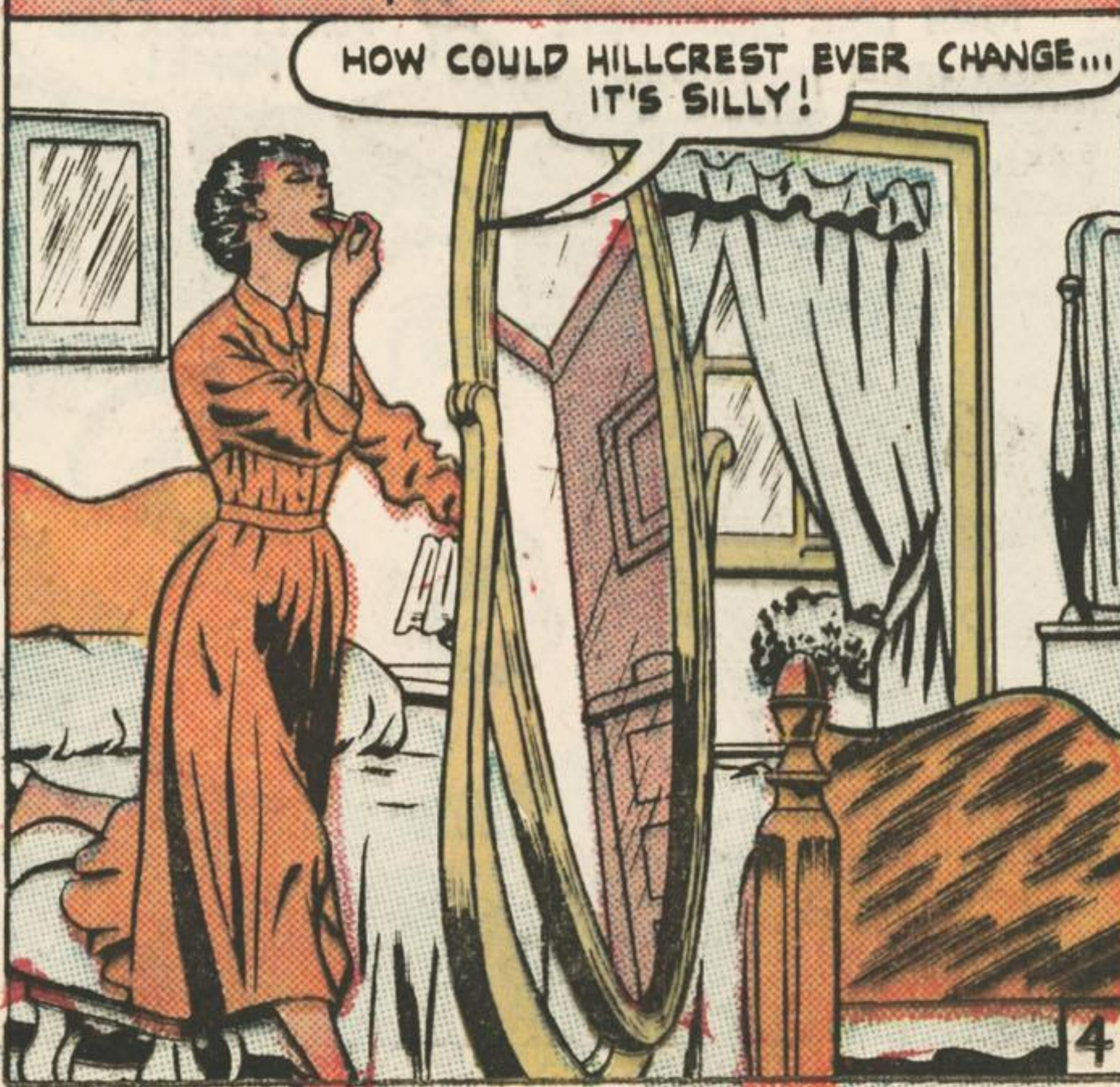
CHANGED? OF COURSE NOT! THINGS ARE THE WAY I ALWAYS REMEMBERED THEM... THE RAILROAD DEPOT, THE STREETS, THIS HOUSE... EVEN YOU AND FRANK ARE THE SAME!

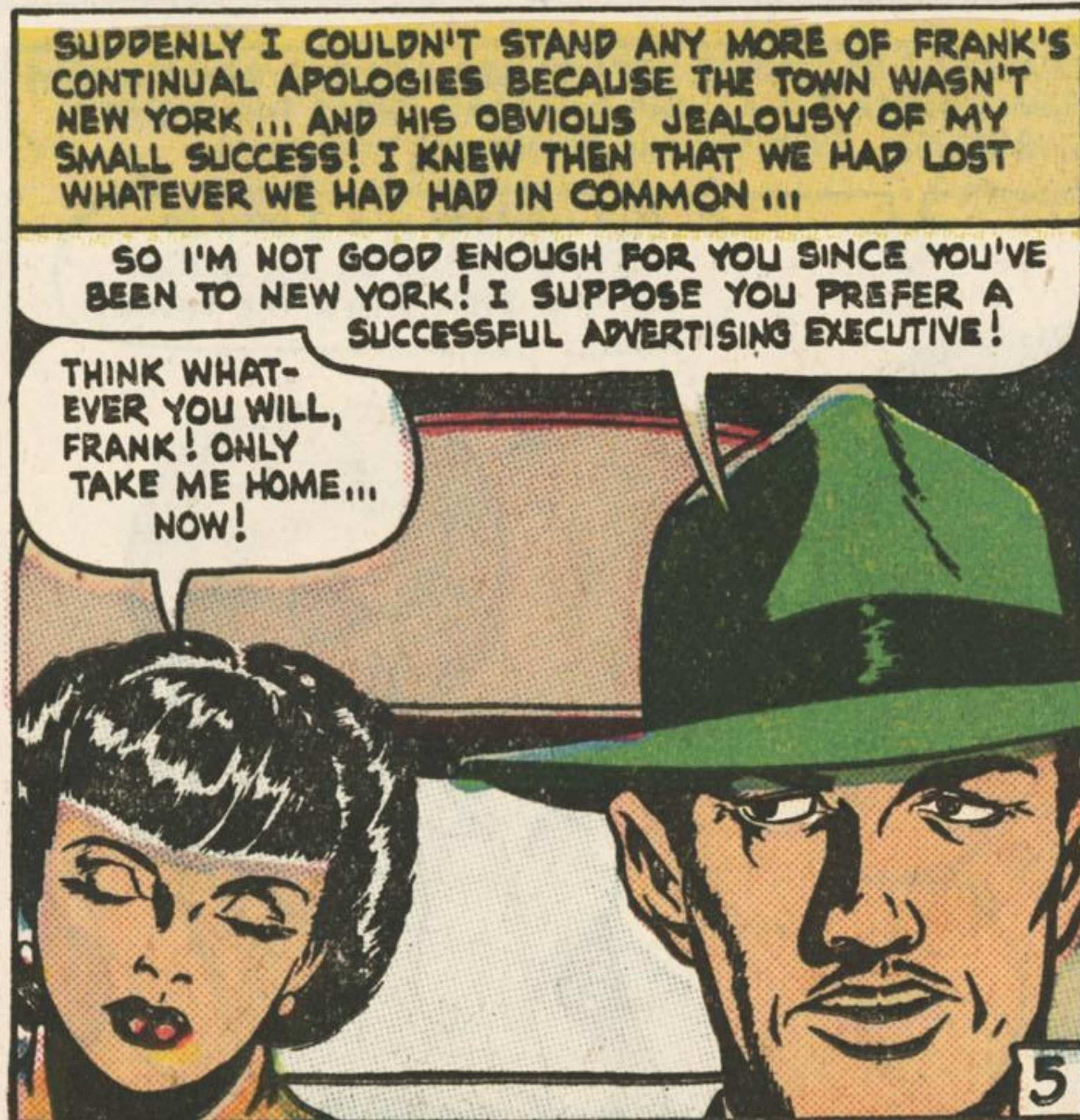
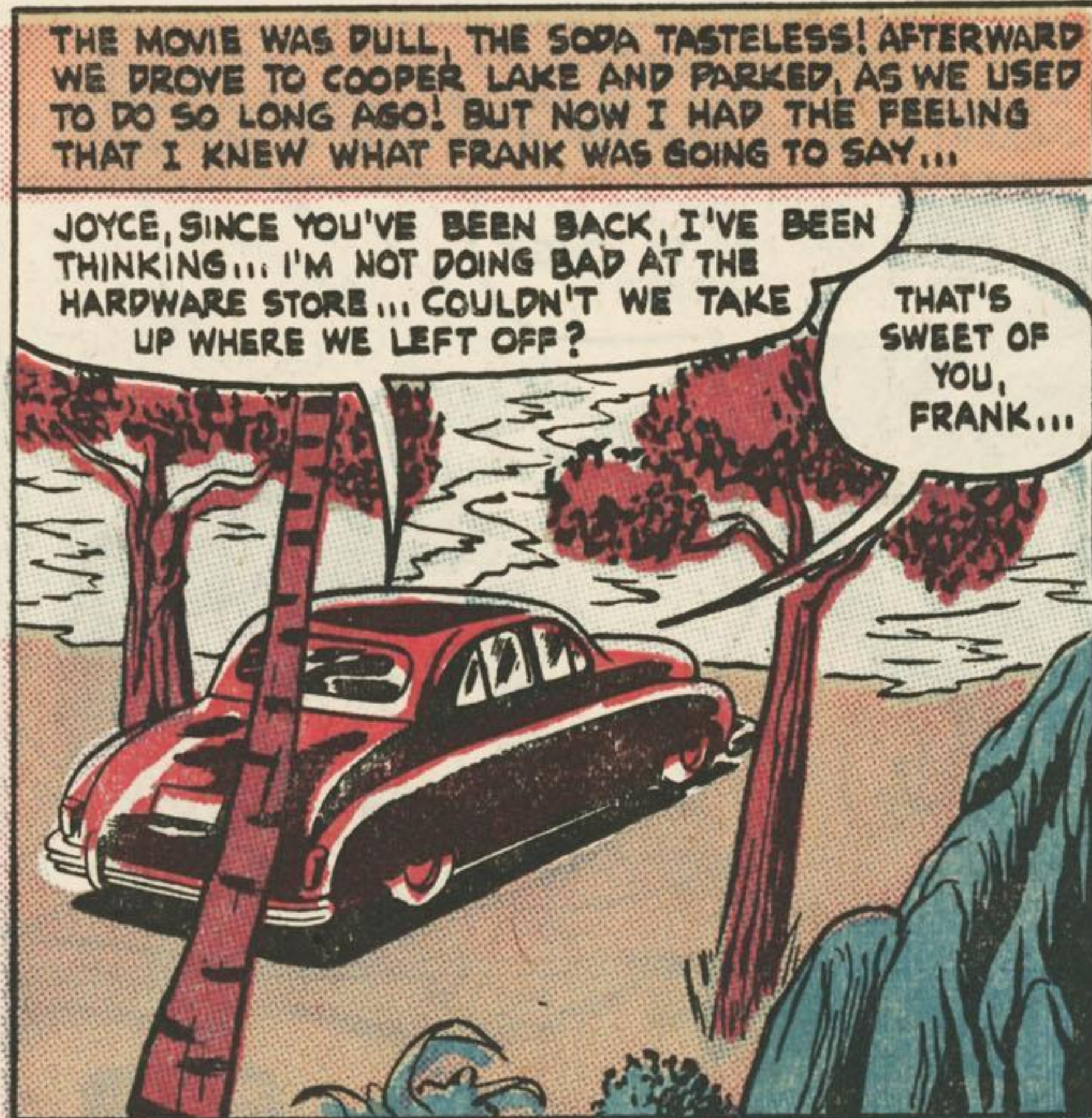
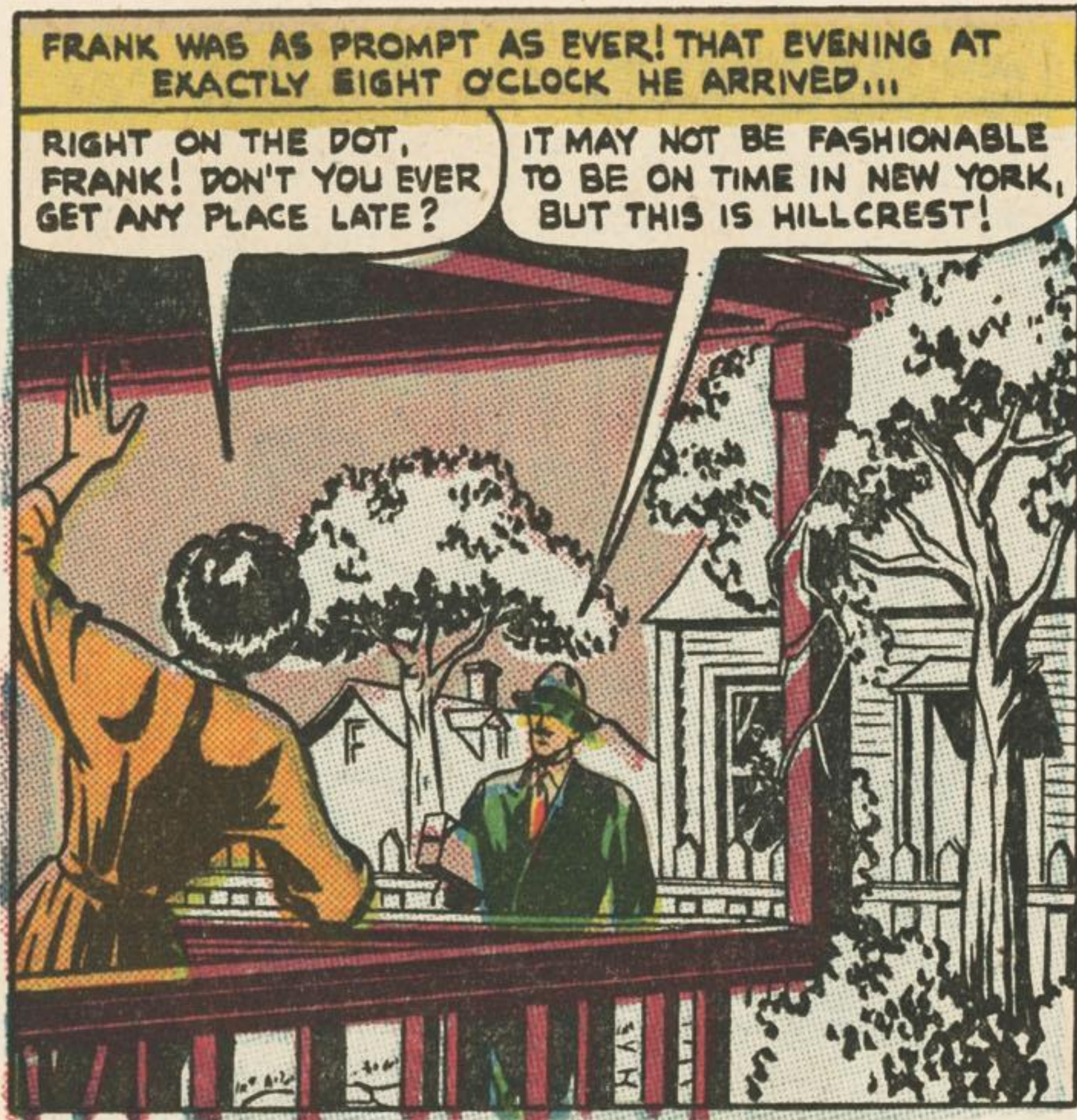
OUR MEMORY HAS A WAY OF PLAYING TRICKS ON US, JOYCE! NOTHING EVER STAYS THE SAME!



AUNT MARTHA'S WORDS SEEMED OUT OF PLACE FOR MY PRESENT MOOD, SO I DISMISSED THEM!

HOW COULD HILLCREST EVER CHANGE... IT'S SILLY!





AFTER FRANK DROPPED ME OFF, I SLIPPED INTO THE QUIET HOUSE AND SAT A LONG WHILE IN THE DARKNESS! I KNEW NOW WHAT AUNT MARTHA HAD TRIED TO TELL ME TO SOFTEN MY DISILLUSIONMENT!



THE PHONE JOLTED ME OUT OF MY REVERIE!... IT WAS PROBABLY FRANK OFFERING A CLUMSY APOLOGY!

WHO? OH, STEVE! IT'S GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU! WHY THE MIDNIGHT CALL?

I'M STOPPING IN HILLCREST TOMORROW-- HAVE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU!



STEVE SOUNDED BOYISHLY HAPPY! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN GLAD THAT AT LEAST HE HAD FOUND WHAT HE WANTED IN HIS HOME TOWN BUT INSTEAD I WAS RESENTFUL!

IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE HIM TO BRING THAT GIRL HERE WITH HIM!



I MOPED AROUND MY ROOM MOST OF THE NEXT DAY, WONDERING WHY I HATED TO THINK OF STEVE ENGAGED... PROBABLY SOUR GRAPES ON MY PART! LATE THAT AFTERNOON AUNT MARTHA CALLED ME DOWNSTAIRS...

HELLO, STEVE! WHERE'S YOUR BLUSHING BRIDE?

RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, IF YOU'LL AGREE!



MY HEAD SPUN WITH MY SUDDEN CHANGE OF EMOTIONS!

OH, STEVE, I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU TO THAT GAL YOU TOLD ME ABOUT!

NOT A CHANCE! WAYNESBORO BORED ME STIFF! I WAS SO BUSY WORRYING ABOUT WHETHER YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND WOULD TALK YOU INTO MARRIAGE, I HAD TO COME HERE BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE! IT'S LOVE!



WE HAD TO TAKE A VACATION FROM LOVE TO FIND IT...

I WON'T LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR A MINUTE FROM NOW ON!

YOU'LL HAVE TO, DARLING! IT'S UNLUCKY TO SEE YOUR BRIDE BEFORE THE CEREMONY!

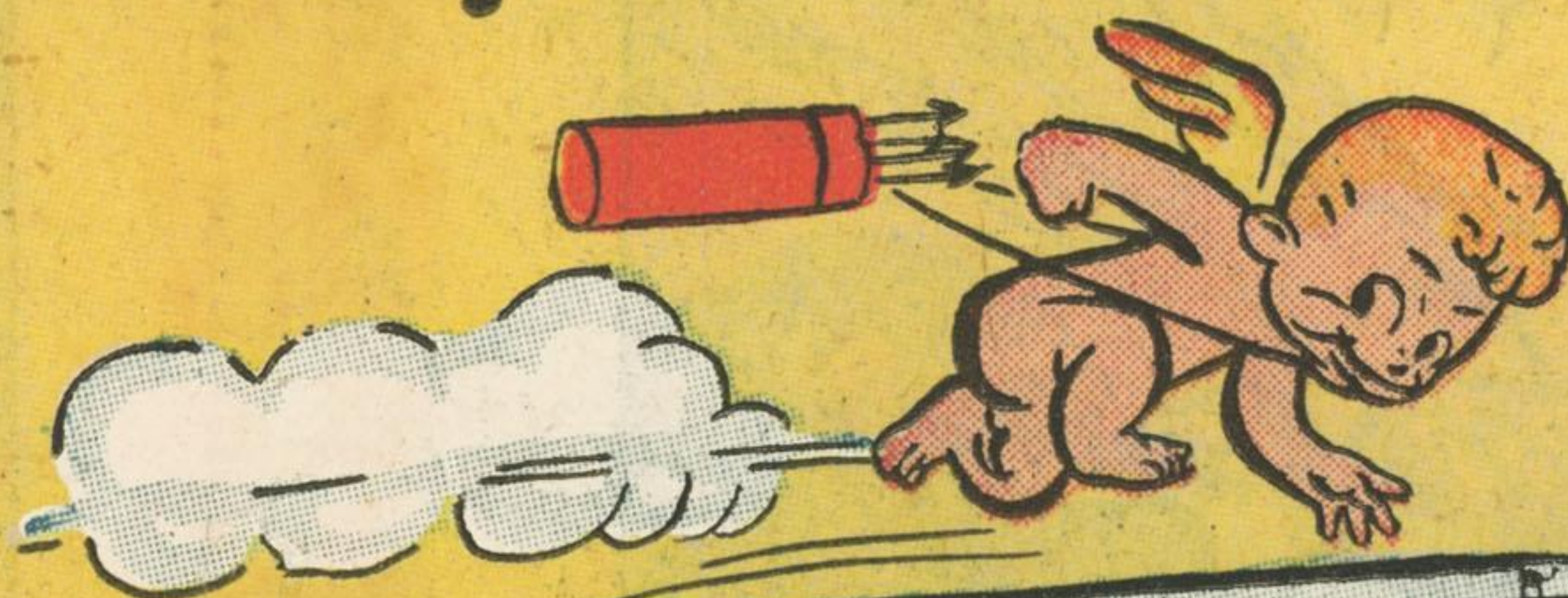


THE END

Cupid

Goes West

Elizabeth's heart belonged to Barry,
which was wonderful — except that
Barry was three thousand miles away!



By RITA COLLINS

THE train whistle blew its shrill, excited warning, and I tensed myself for the inevitable slowing down, the arrival of the train at another station. But this time it wasn't just another station. This time it was *my* station, a new depot in a new town in a new country. And already I hated it with an intensity I'd never felt before.

Why, oh, *why* had I, Elizabeth Johnson, had to leave everything behind and move out to this—this desolate country? I sighed. I'd asked myself this question so many times, and every time I'd already known the answer. My father had had a severe illness, and the doctor had advised moving west if he ever wanted to get and stay well.

My folks had gone on ahead to get the ranch ready, leaving me to spend the first few weeks of my summer vacation with my friends. *A few weeks!* What did they mean compared with the lifetime I was beginning away from them? Oh, I supposed I'd visit them, but I knew things would never be the same again. My heart lurched sharply as I thought of Barry. The idea of his changing, too, was unbearable to me. Anyhow, I tried to reassure myself, he *had* promised to write.

The train was churning to a stop now. I pushed my thoughts of Barry aside and glanced out the window. Yes, there was the big sign Mother had written me about: WELCOME TO DUNBAR. "Welcome!" What could this two-by-four town possibly welcome *me* to? I sniffed scornfully at it and began pulling my suitcases down from the rack.

Finally I was struggling down the steps to the platform. In spite of myself, I looked around curiously. Why, compared with the big depots that I'd been accustomed to, the station itself

was just like a doll house, and there was only one track! I almost laughed; it would have been quite funny if I didn't know that I had to call this place home! But where were my folks? I'd wired them the exact time that I'd be arriving.

Suddenly a hand tapped my shoulder. I whirled around and found myself face to face with a stranger, a boy who couldn't have been more than seventeen. But somehow he looked older, more competent, more self-assured than he had a right to look in those ridiculous faded blue jeans and plaid work shirt. His friendly brown eyes and open smile didn't help either, and I found myself strangely, unaccountably annoyed.

"Liz Barrows?" he asked simply.

"Elizabeth Barrows," I replied coldly. "How did you know?"

"Well, it might have been a little tougher if there'd been anyone else getting off here, but since you were the only one . . ." He paused, grinning.

I flushed. What right did this—this country bumpkin have to make fun of me? But while I was trying to think of some sarcastic retort, he continued just as amicably, "Your folks sent me out to pick you up. I work at your ranch."

I glanced quickly at the small parking lot beside the station. Yes, there was my family's familiar green car. "Then let's go," I said abruptly, and walked toward it, purposely leaving the boy standing there with my suitcases. I didn't look back until I was sitting in the car, and by that time he'd picked up the three big cases and was moving slowly toward the trunk of the car. I smiled to myself. I'd won that round.

On the way to the ranch the boy turned toward me. "My name's Tom Anderson—in case you

wondered," he said. "Ever been out here before?"

I didn't even look at him. "No," I said, staring ahead through the front windshield.

"It's quite a country," he said, warming to his subject. "The hills are beautiful, and when you ride up to the top of one and see the sun setting over the prairie, it's really something. Nobody who's moved out here would ever think of living anywhere else!"

I didn't answer. But I was thinking—the nerve of this yokel! How unsophisticated could you be? Why, *everyone* knew that rural areas couldn't compare with the big cities and the rest of the world. He'd just never been anywhere else so he had nothing to compare with the West. But I had, and if this presumptuous character were any example of the rest of the people out here, I decided immediately I'd miss the East even more.

His next words interrupted my indignant thoughts. "Do you ride?" he was asking. I couldn't have heard him correctly—but, yes, there it was again. "Well, do you?" He turned to me, waiting.

Suddenly my resentment at having to move came to a boil. "Look!" I faced him now, sputtering furiously. "Do you think that just *Westerners* know how to ride? Of course, I know how to ride. I learned when I was a child! And I've seen mountains before, too—but not here. I saw them in Switzerland where they're much bigger and snowier." I paused for a deep breath. "There's just nothing around here that interests me, that's all—and, furthermore, I don't care!"

Tom stared at me, but his expression was puzzled, not angry. And it irritated me more than anger would have. "Yes, the Alps must be really something, too," he said slowly, as if he

were trying to piece some difficult idea together. "But I guess this country sort of has to grow on you. It's probably different from everywhere you've ever been before. You'll see . . ." he ended calmly.

Different! I guessed that it was different. No smooth places to go dancing, no gang to impress with the new places I'd visited or the expensive new clothes I'd just bought. No Barry! Abruptly, my heart tightened as a disturbing idea shot through me. Don't be silly, I soothed myself. He said he'd write, didn't he? Why shouldn't he write?

Then we arrived at the ranch, and there was no more time for worrying as my parents and I greeted each other, interrupting one another over and over again, trying to explain in a few hours everything that had happened in the past weeks. But after dinner, when we were seated around the fireplace, I suddenly remembered Tom and decided something had to be done immediately if the West were to be any good at all.

"Who's this Tom Anderson, Dad?" I began. "Does he work here for us?"

"No, he's helping me out part time," my father replied. "He's the son of our next-door neighbor. Of course, next-door is several miles away from here!" He laughed jovially. "Nothing like the East, eh, Lizzie?" And he playfully tweaked one of my ears.

"Please, Dad," I said petulantly, "it's still Elizabeth—even in the West!" My parents were smiling, so I continued, "Do you have to keep Tom on, Dad? Wouldn't someone else be just as good? He seems so—so rustic and rather . . ." My voice trailed off.

"Why, Elizabeth!" My father was serious now,



I watched with terror as Tom calmly lifted a rifle from his saddle, took careful aim, and . . .

"Tom's a fine boy. He's been a great help, and he's given me lots of tips on things out here. You know, this life is really like being in a new world, and sometimes you need someone to show you the ropes." He looked at me meaningfully. "I couldn't fire him without a reason. He's saving money for college, and he's really counting on this job." Then, noting my incredulous expression, "Yes, dear, people go to college out here, too. And they probably get more out of it than your Eastern friends!"

"Oh, Dad!" I began to protest, but I saw that look in my father's eyes that meant his mind was made up. I would try again later, I decided. "Well," I said, "I don't need anybody to show me the ropes!"

It seemed to me that my parents ignored my remark. A few minutes later my father was smiling again. "I almost forgot, Elizabeth, but you'll find a surprise in the stable tomorrow morning."

I jumped up and threw my arms around his neck. "Oh, Dad!" I cried. "Thank you so much!" I knew it must be the chestnut mare I'd been promised when I'd first been told we were going to move, and now it might make up for at least some of the things I'd had to give up to come here. Perhaps my parents understood after all.

But, lying awake in bed later, I was sure they didn't understand at all. If they did, they wouldn't keep Tom on. My mind began boiling again. It wasn't enough that I'd had to leave all my Eastern friends, but now I'd probably be seeing Tom

every day. My mind painted a picture of him as he had looked standing in the station. Then, in spite of myself, I remembered his clear blue eyes, his strong, clean-cut good looks, with a pleasant feeling.

But when I thought of Barry, of the suave way he walked and talked, of the something mysterious or tantalizing about him—why, there was no comparison! And Tom's Western superiority was intolerable. Just because this was the only place he'd ever seen, he thought it was the only place to live, too! Well, Barry certainly had nothing to worry about. I could just hear him laughing at the very idea of competition from a bumpkin like Tom!

I fell asleep dreaming of Barry, but somehow my dream twisted itself into a nightmare. My friends and I were struggling up a rocky, steep hill. Barry and I climbed side by side, glancing furtively at each other. I felt that I must reach the top before Barry, must look down upon him before he could look down upon me. In fact, we all seemed possessed by this urgency, each of us turning constantly to jeer at those we had passed. We lent no aid nor sympathy to those who fell.

I was the only one to reach the top. There I found Tom, lying calmly on his back under a tree, gazing dreamily at the pastel sky. He smiled and invited me to rest. The sunlit ground looked tempting and soft. I wanted to stay with him, watch him and listen to his voice. But the feeling of urgency made me also want to climb higher

than Tom, to keep ahead of him and look down upon him.

I was struggling to climb the tree when I awoke, exhausted and angry with myself.

Tom would be enough trouble in the daytime. Did he have to disturb my dreams, too? But my irritation vanished as I saddled my horse and began a tour of the ranch. It *was* interesting country, I admitted grudgingly to myself.

Suddenly I realized that my friends were probably extremely envious of my being out here. I smiled with self-satisfaction. Here I'd been pitying myself for having to miss all their activities, and they were undoubtedly falling over themselves, each one hoping she'd be the first to get an invitation from me to spend a few weeks at the ranch!

This pleasant thought was interrupted by the sound of horses' hooves rushing up behind me. I reined my horse in and swung around just as Tom drew up alongside.

"Hi, Liz!" he said amiably.

"Elizabeth is *still* my name," I retorted.

"Elizabeth, then," he agreed. "Thought maybe you'd like some company. I've covered every foot of the Johnson ranch, and if you like, I can show you..."

I interrupted, "I *don't* like, and I'm sure there's absolutely nothing you can show me. So, if you don't mind, I'll just keep on with my ride, *alone*."

Tom didn't move. "Sometimes strangers run into a little trouble out here," he said.

"Don't worry," I said shortly. "I'm sure that I can take care of myself!" I spurred my horse and left at a brisk trot.

"Have fun!" Tom shouted after me, but I didn't even turn my head. Maybe he'd leave me alone, now. I certainly hoped so. What would Barry and the rest think if they heard that I, the leader of my crowd at home, had to be shown around by someone like Tom? Why, he probably didn't even know what a prep school was!

No, I could see the countryside by myself. As for its inhabitants, if they were all like Tom, I didn't need any help from any of them. I just wanted to ride and to write glowing letters back home so that all of the old gang would wish they were in my shoes. None of them must pity me,

I told myself emphatically. I'd merely avoid all the local rustics, and I'd be perfectly happy by myself.

But three weeks later I'd begun to wonder. Every so often little doubts would nag at me: Was it really fun to do things alone? Perhaps I shouldn't have gone quite so far in my hostility to Tom. And why hadn't Barry written more often? His only letter had come over a week

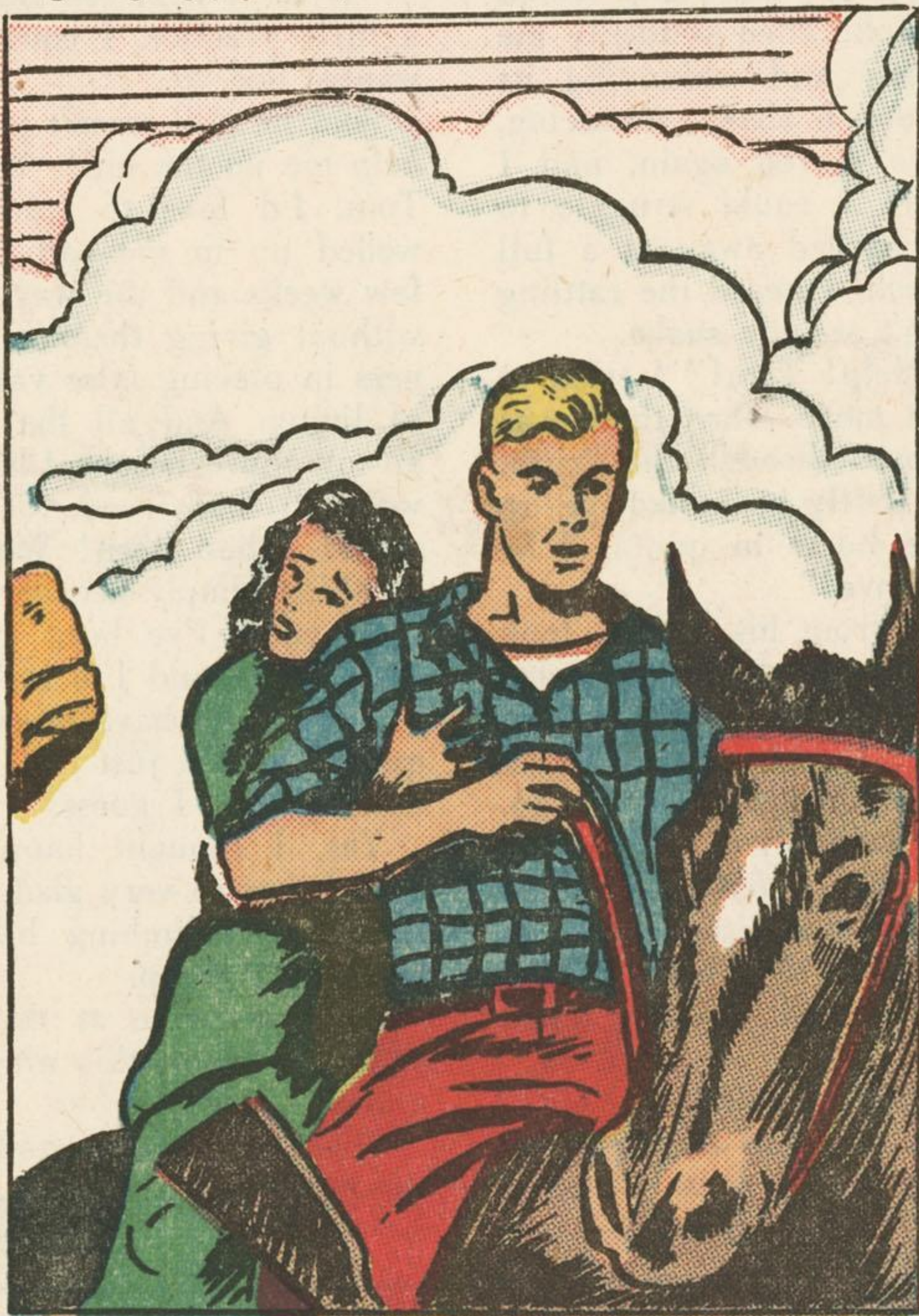
ago. It hurt me inside to think that he was forgetting me so quickly, but mixed with the hurt was a new feeling, a strange kind of anger at the superiority that seemed to permeate Barry's letter. He actually seemed to be pitying me, and I didn't know how to fight back because I'd been pitying myself. As glowingly enthusiastic as I'd tried to make my letters, I realized now that my self-pity must have shown between the lines.

Even the notes from my girl friends, with their talk of beach parties and theater dates and tea dances, had this gloating pity in them—as if, because I wasn't there, I was no longer any competition to them and they'd finally triumphed over their old leader. The whole thing might have been rather amusing, I decided, if it weren't so annoying. How well I remembered

how everyone had always tried to outdo everyone else! And usually I'd outdone everyone. It had been so important then—being the one whom no one could surpass, the one on top of the hill. But out here it suddenly seemed very far away and—and childish. Yes, I had to admit it. There *was* something different about this country.

But what could I do about it now? I couldn't just go on up to Tom and say, "Look. I've been silly, and I'd like to be friends. Okay?" Besides I wasn't entirely convinced of it. Some of the girls in this new place had tried to be friendly to me, too, the first few times I'd gone into town, but I'd rebuffed them. They'd seemed so unsophisticated and hardly worth my attention. And imagine anyone's simply walking up to you in a store and beginning to talk without any kind of an introduction! Everything was just too countrified here.

All these thoughts were running through my head as I started out on my usual morning ride.



I hung onto Tom as though I could never let go.

I didn't even hear Tom as he pulled up beside me. "Morning, Elizabeth!" he called, making a point of accenting my name.

"Good morning," I returned. I was trying to think of something else to say when he shot abruptly ahead of me with only a "So long!" flung over his shoulder.

I decided to follow him, but when I'd nearly caught up to him, I changed my mind and veered the horse sharply to the left. Then suddenly the horse was rearing violently and whinnying its fright. And I heard it, too—a sharp, menacing, rattling sound! The horse reared again, and I fell to the ground. Before I could struggle to my feet, the horse had charged away at a full gallop, headed for the ranch. I heard the rattling sound again, but I couldn't see the snake.

"Help!" I screamed. "Help! Tom!" I tried to run, but my legs wouldn't move. Then there was a crashing of horses' hooves through the brush, and Tom was beside me. Deftly he pulled me up onto his horse. "Rein the horse in quietly," he ordered. "Don't let him move!"

Calmly he lifted a rifle from his saddle, took careful aim, and shot. Then he lifted the reins from my hands and headed the horse back toward the ranch. I was shivering; I said nothing. I just hung onto Tom as though I could never let go. But he rode slowly, and gradually I relaxed my grip and breathed easier again. I felt so ashamed of myself! I'd shown myself at a disadvantage in front of Tom, and back East that would mean he was now above me on the hill, looking down and jeering.

"Feel better now?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," I mumbled. I knew I had to say thank you, too, but somehow the words wouldn't come out. Why didn't he jeer? Why didn't he say,

"I told you so?" It would make everything so much easier. Then I could just be angry and run into the ranch house without any thank you's.

"Snakes can be pretty treacherous things," he was saying. "You just have to know how to handle them, that's all." He hesitated, then asked cautiously, "Ever handle a rifle?"

I swallowed. "No," I said meekly.

"Well, it isn't too hard," he said. "Just takes a little practice. I could help you learn—if you wanted me to."

And he still wasn't jeering! He still wanted to help me up the hill! "Oh, Tom!" I gulped. "Oh, Tom, I'd love to learn!" Suddenly everything welled up in me—all the loneliness of the last few weeks and the way I'd snubbed these people without giving them a chance, and my foolishness in placing false values on a superficial kind of living. And all the warmth I felt for Tom, all my appreciation of his natural, honest manner, which I had been too proud to admit. How stupid I had been! Why, I'd hardly ever done anything simply because I *wanted* to do it!

"I guess I've been awfully dumb," I blurted out. "And—and I'm sor—"

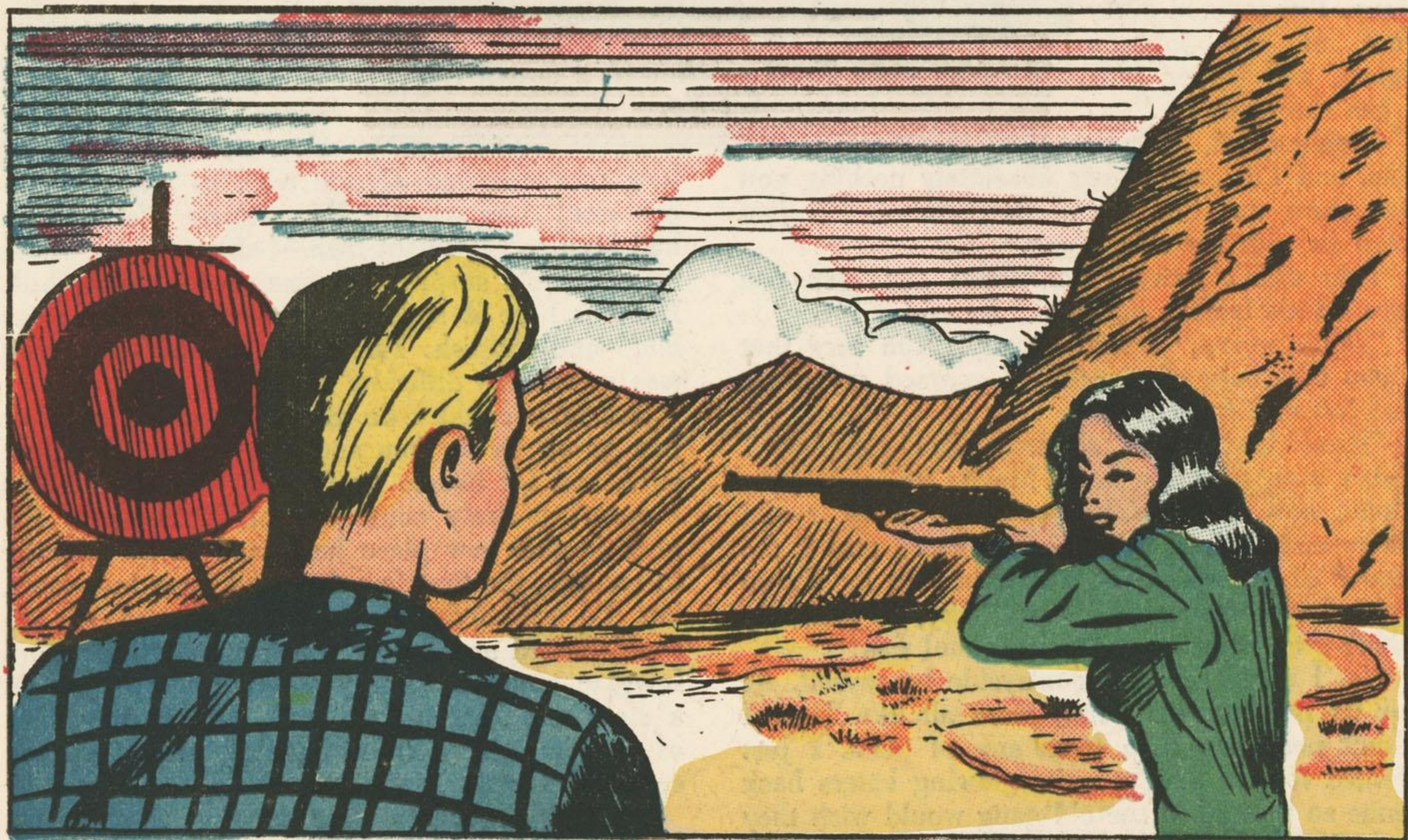
"You don't have to say that," Tom interrupted quickly. "It's just that things are different in other places, I guess."

Yes, I thought happily, they *were* different. And I was so very glad about it! I might always have been climbing hills and trees and never reaching the top.

Now we were at the ranch house. "Want a shooting lesson this afternoon, Elizabeth?" Tom asked hopefully.

"Perfect," I answered, smiling happily. "And the name is *Liz*!"

THE END



"You're a darling," I thought as I glanced at Tom, standing tall and strong in the sunlight.

Whizz Quiz

1 The following motion pictures are based on famous books and plays. Try to complete the titles.

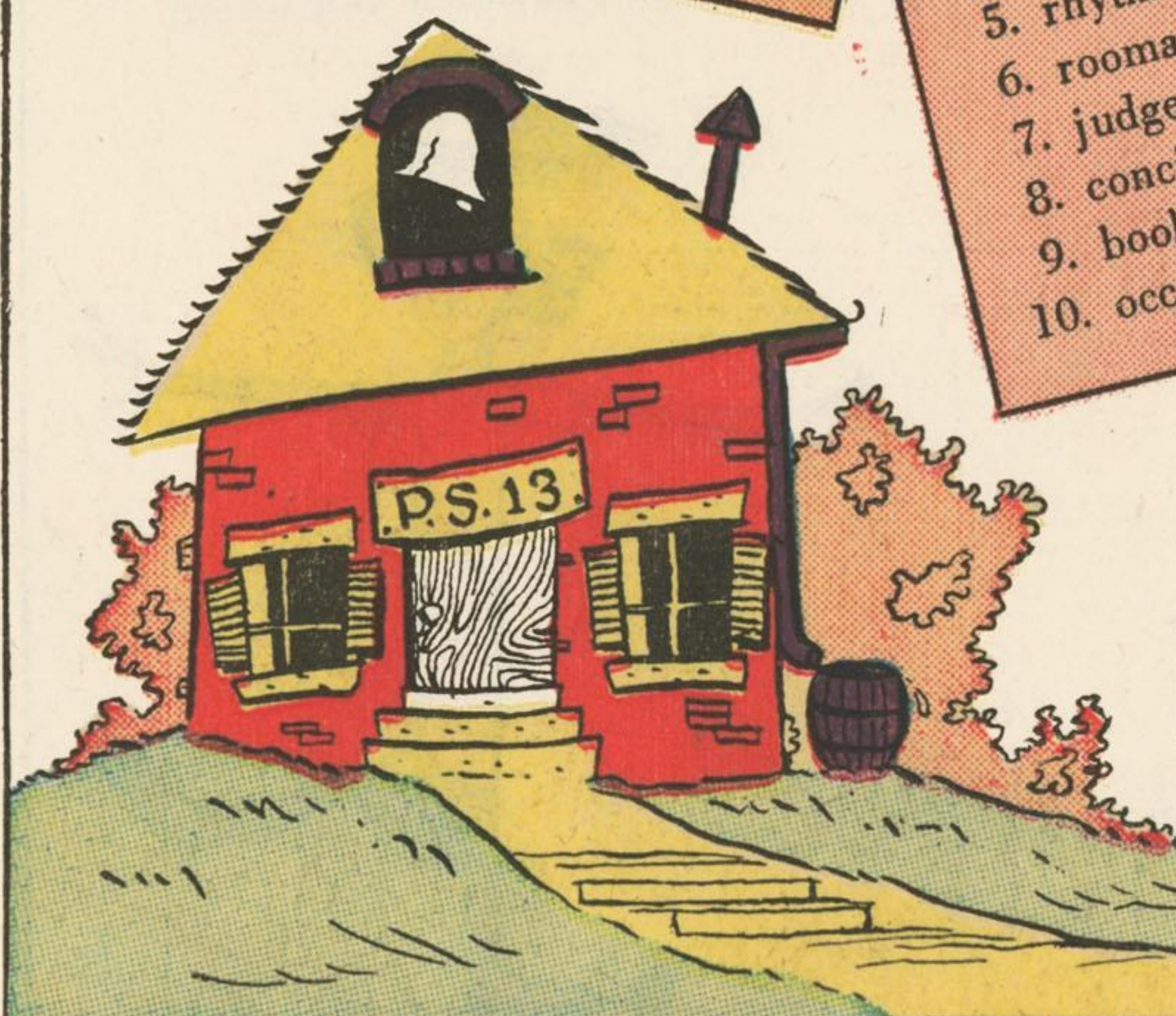
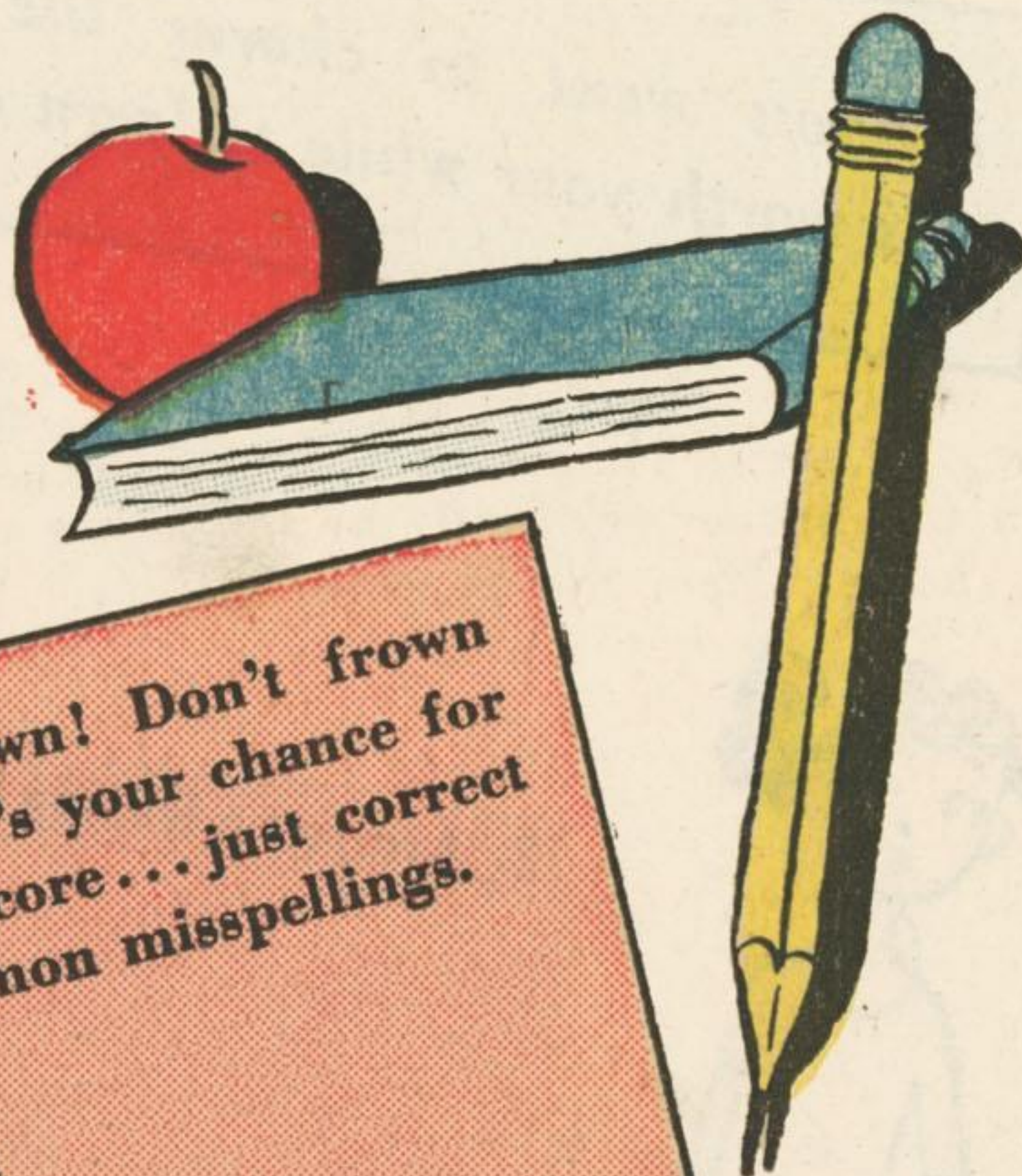
1. Mrs.
2. of Arc.
3. Women.
4. John Loves
5. The Pitt.
6. The Forsyte
7. Command
8. of Jennie.
9. Knock on any
10. A Connecticut

2 Spelldown! Don't frown —Here's your chance for a perfect score... just correct these common misspellings.

1. eigh
2. alright
3. wierd
4. repayed
5. rhythmn
6. roommate
7. judgement
8. concieve
9. bookeeper
10. occurance

3 To limber up your brainbox, fill in the first names of these famous men.

1. Dumas
2. Haydn
3. Zola
4. Burns
5. Bonaparte
6. Hugo
7. Darwin
8. Mozart
9. Mendelssohn
10. van Beethoven

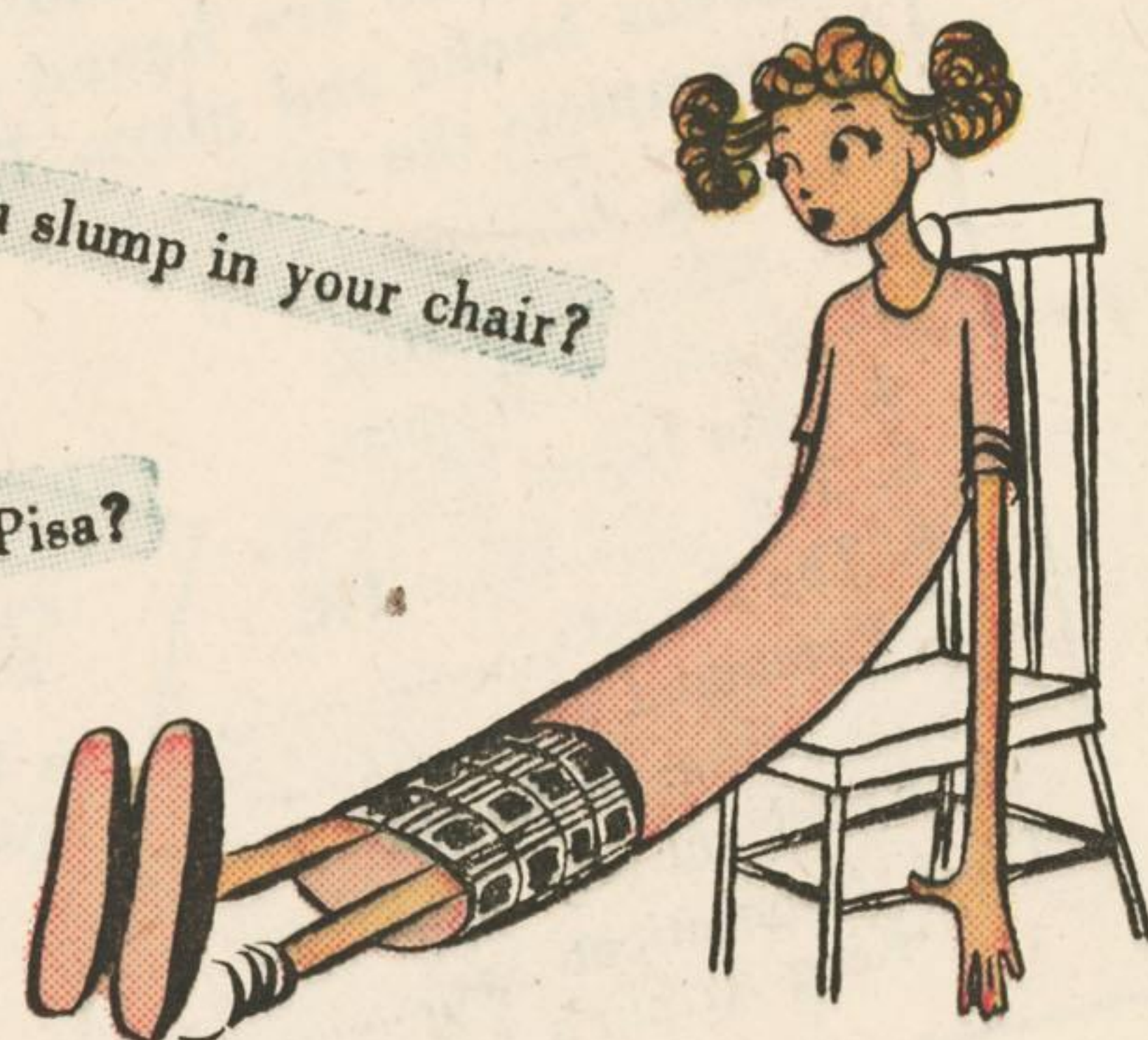


- ANSWERS TO 1: 1—Miniver, 2—Joan, 3—Little, 4—Mary, 5—Snake, 6—Saga, 7—Decision, 8—Portrait, 9—Door, 10—Yankee, Court.
- ANSWERS TO 2: 1—eighth, 2—all right, 3—weird, 4—repaid, 5—rhythm, 6—roommate, 7—judgment, 8—conceive, 9—bookkeeper, 10—occurrence.
- ANSWERS TO 3: 1—Alexandre, 2—Joseph, 3—Emile, 4—Robert, 5—Napoleon, 6—Victor, 7—Charles, 8—Wolfgang, 9—Felix, 10—Ludwig.

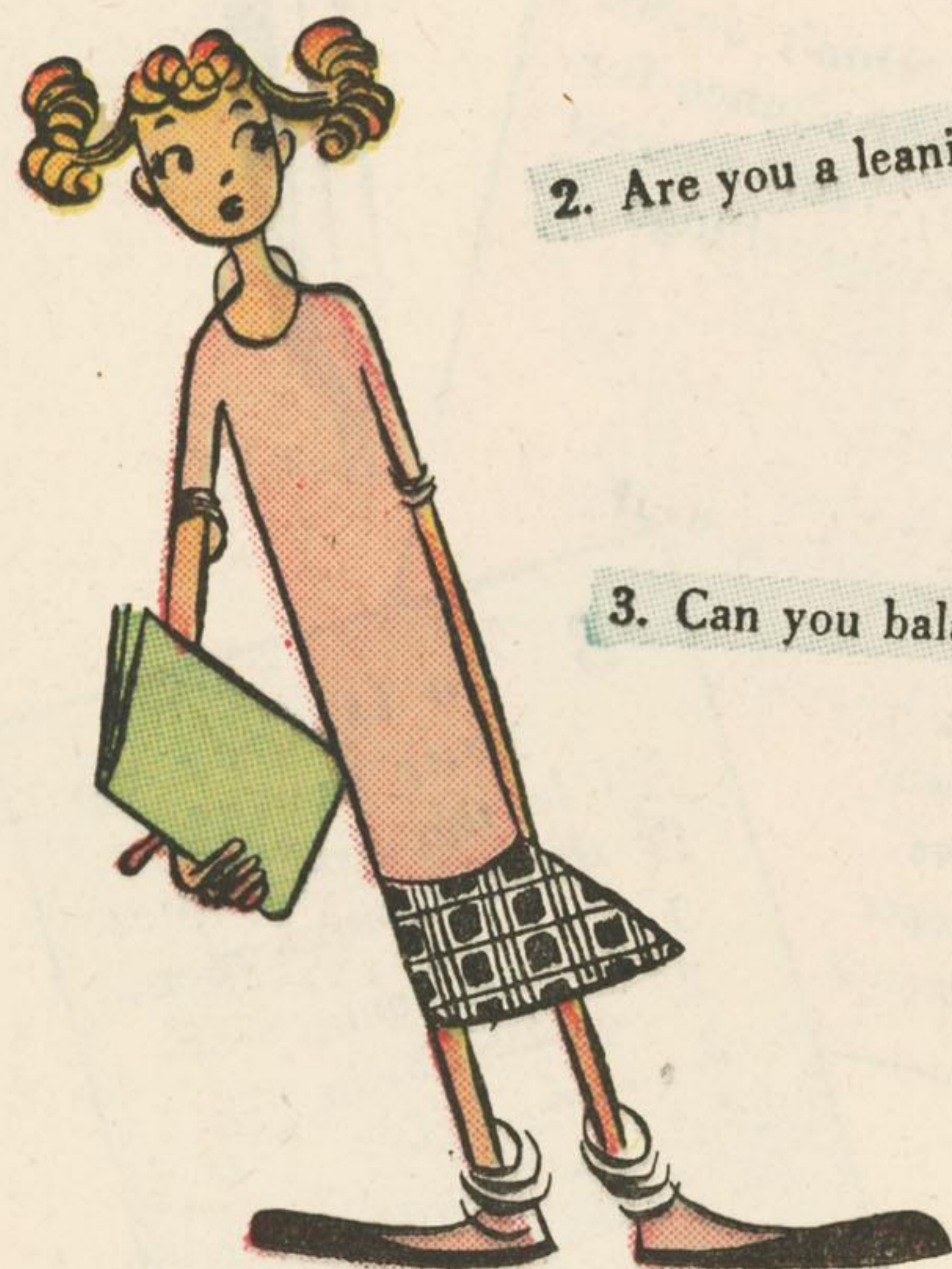
Charm

If you want to charm the boys . . .
It's worth your while to learn about poise!

1. Do you slump in your chair?



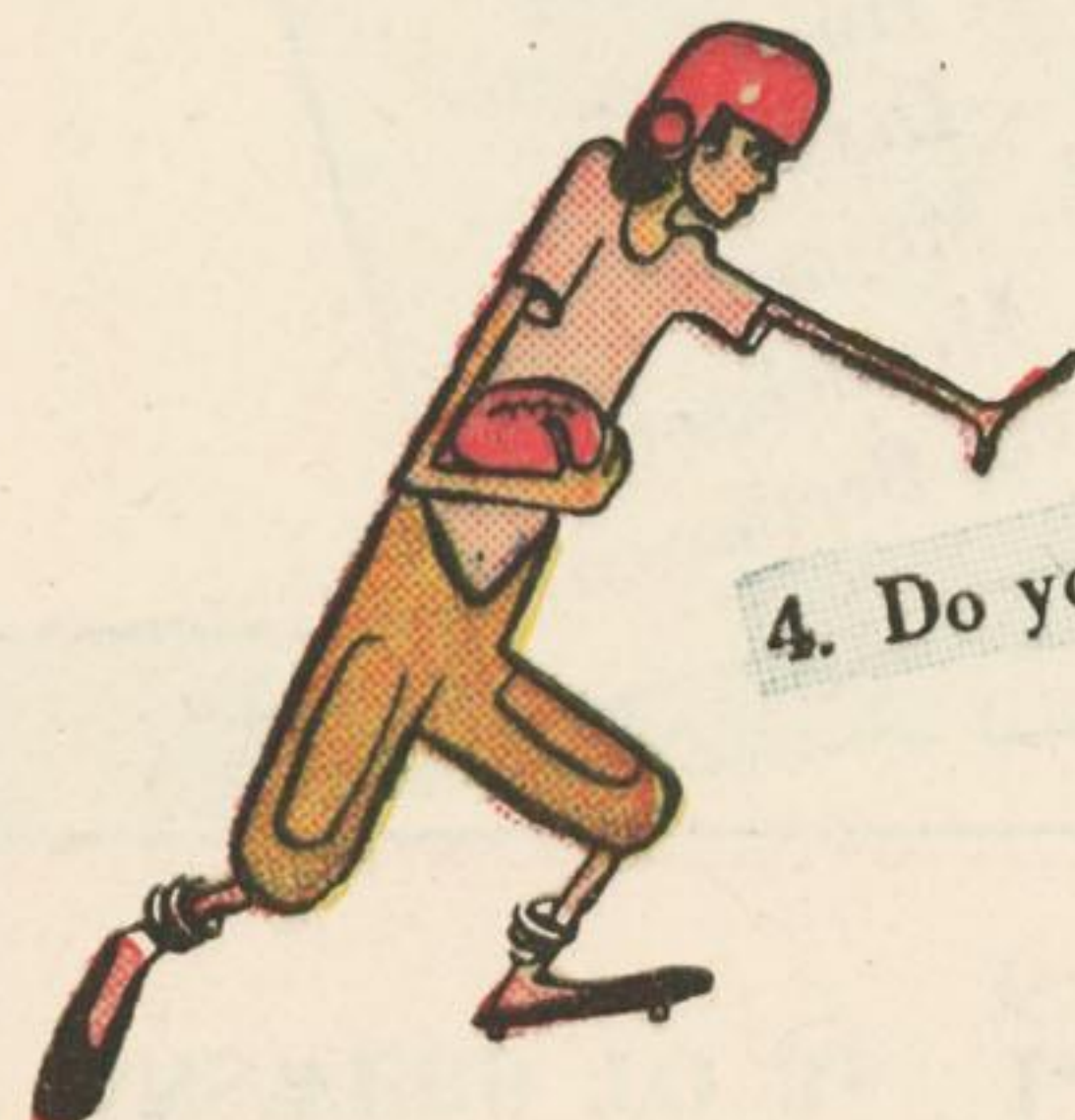
2. Are you a leaning Tower of Pisa?



3. Can you balance a book on top of your head when you walk?



4. Do you shove and push on subways or buses?



5. Do your hands move like windmills when you talk?

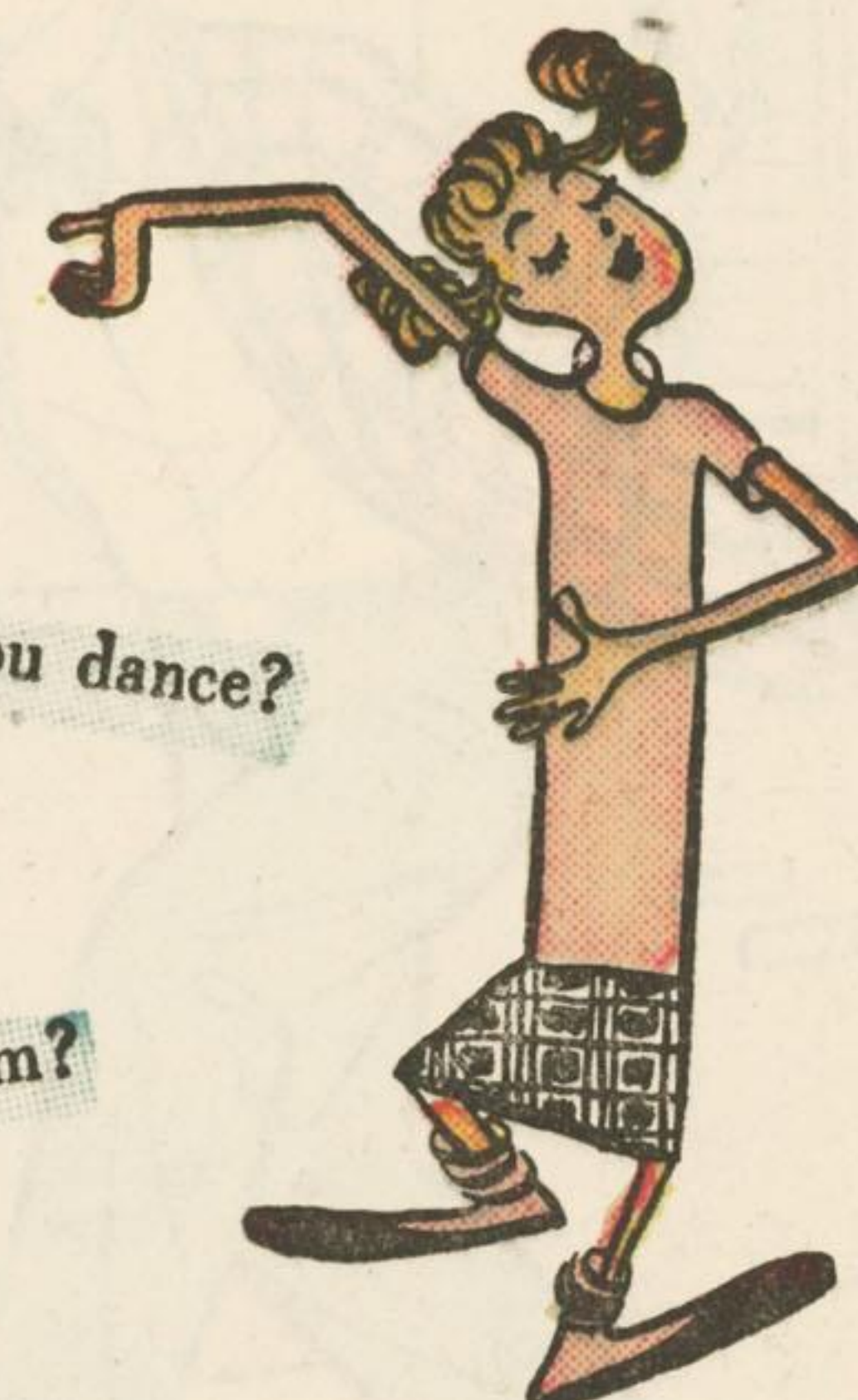


Corner

6. Do you drop things frequently?



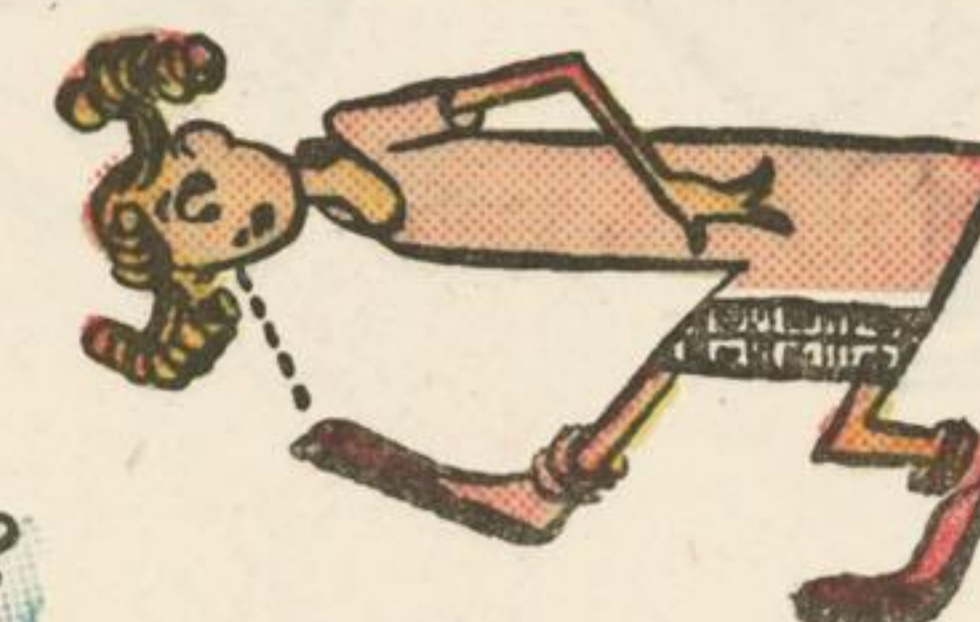
7. Are you graceful when you dance?



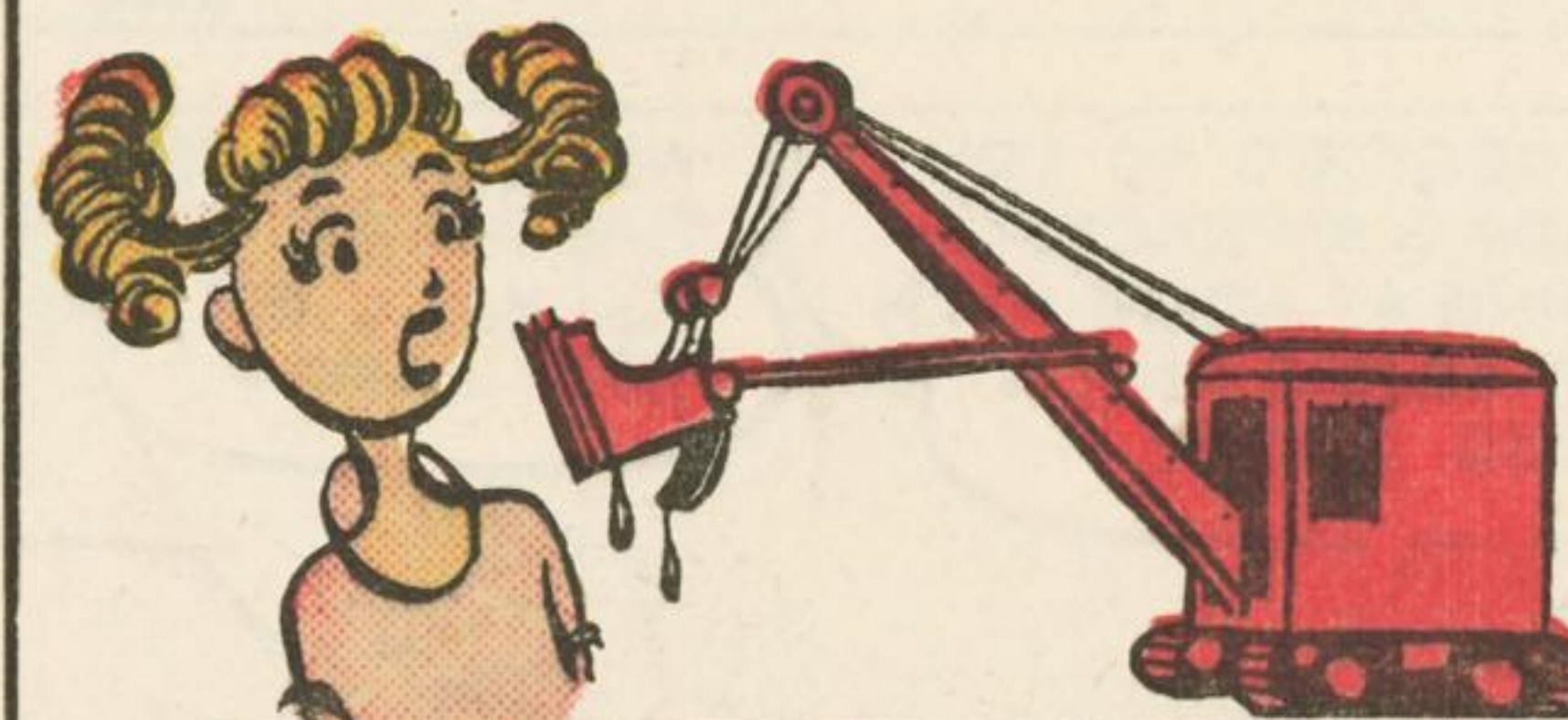
8. Are you a hurricane when you enter a room?



9. Are you a "foot-watcher" when you walk?



10. Do you shovel food into your mouth?



ANSWERS: 1—no, 2—no, 3—yes, 4—no, 5—no, 6—no, 7—yes, 8—no,
9—no, 10—no.

SCORE: Give yourself ten points for each correct answer.

100—You deserve a diploma!

90—Pull out that improvement kit!

80—You're on the charm down-grade!

70—Help! You need it!

60 and below—Prepare for a complete overhauling!

PATSY WALKER

BUT, PATSY, THE
WHOLE GANG WILL
BE THERE!

FOR THE LAST TIME
BUZZ-- **NO!** I AM **NOT**
GOING TO THAT PARTY!

**PATSY
MAKES
HER
CHOICE!**

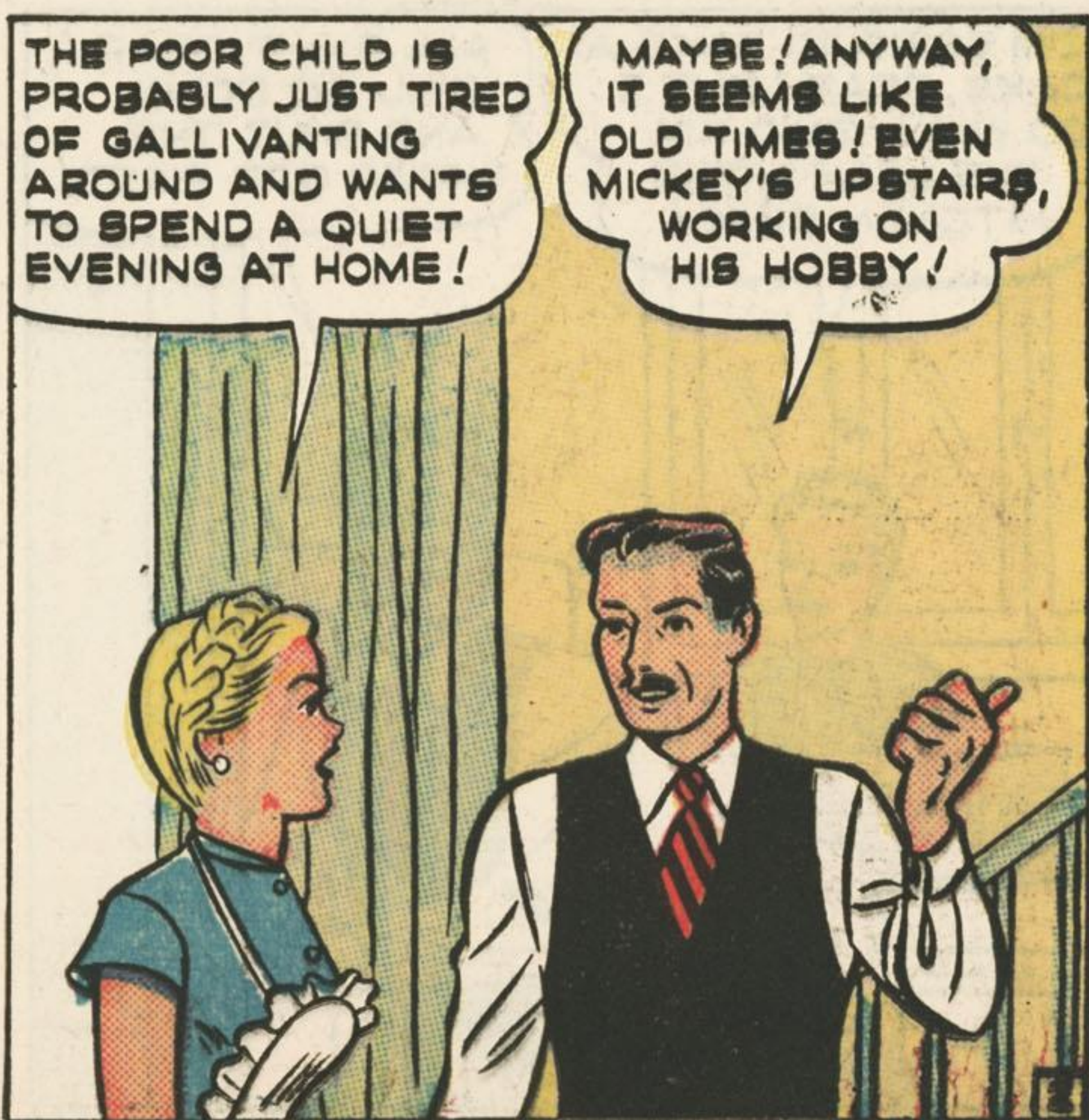
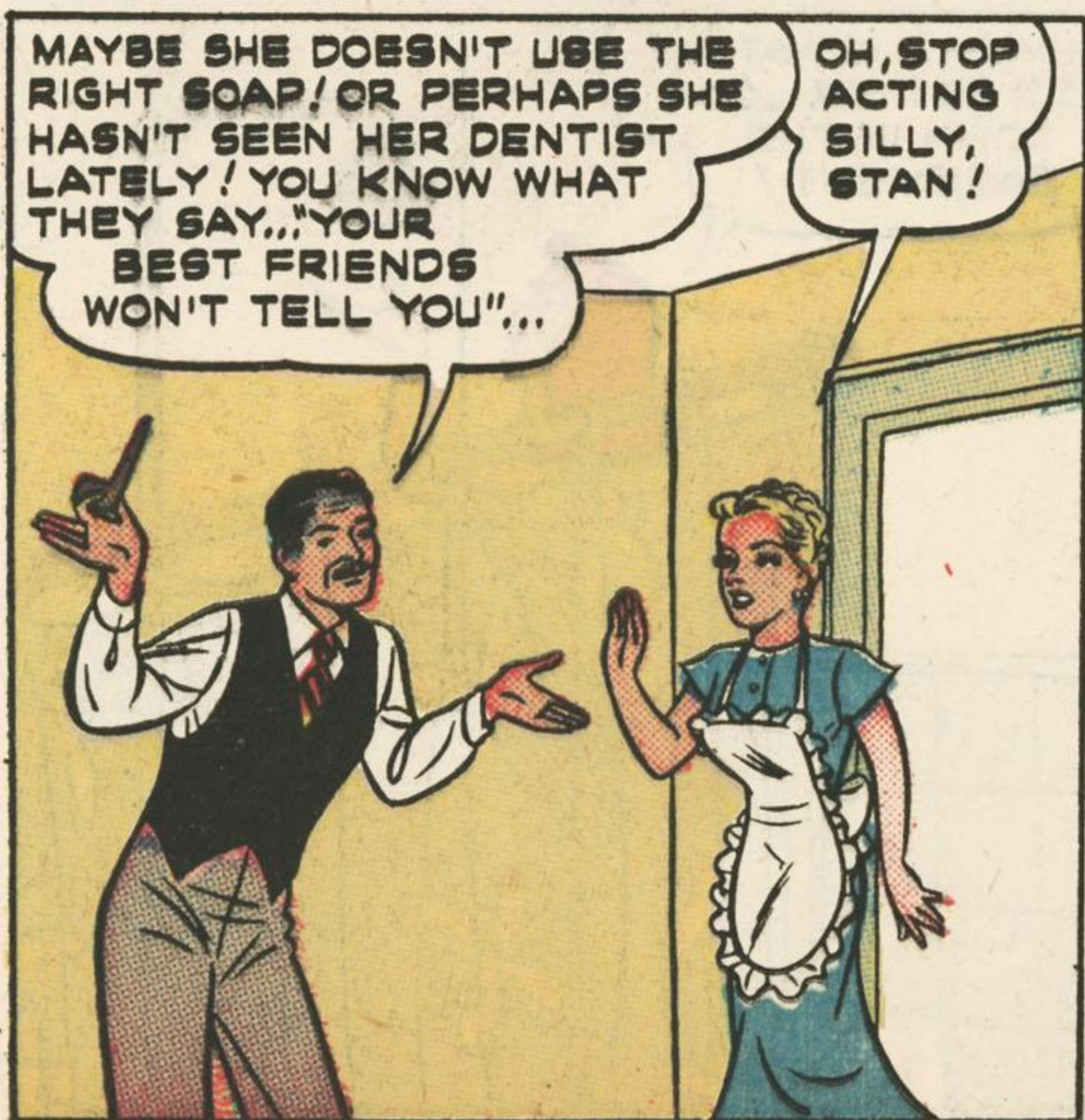
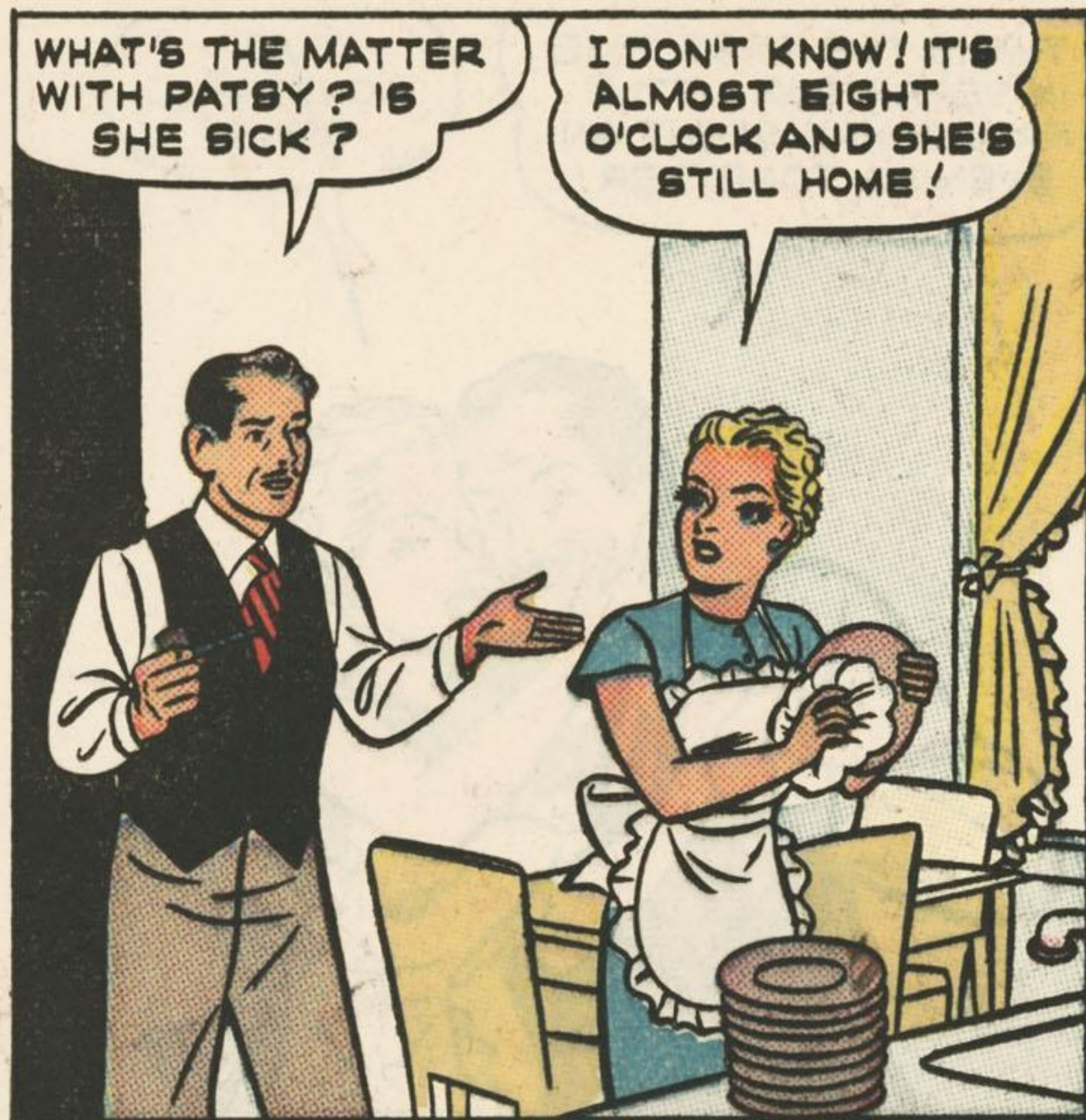
5994

BUT
WHY?

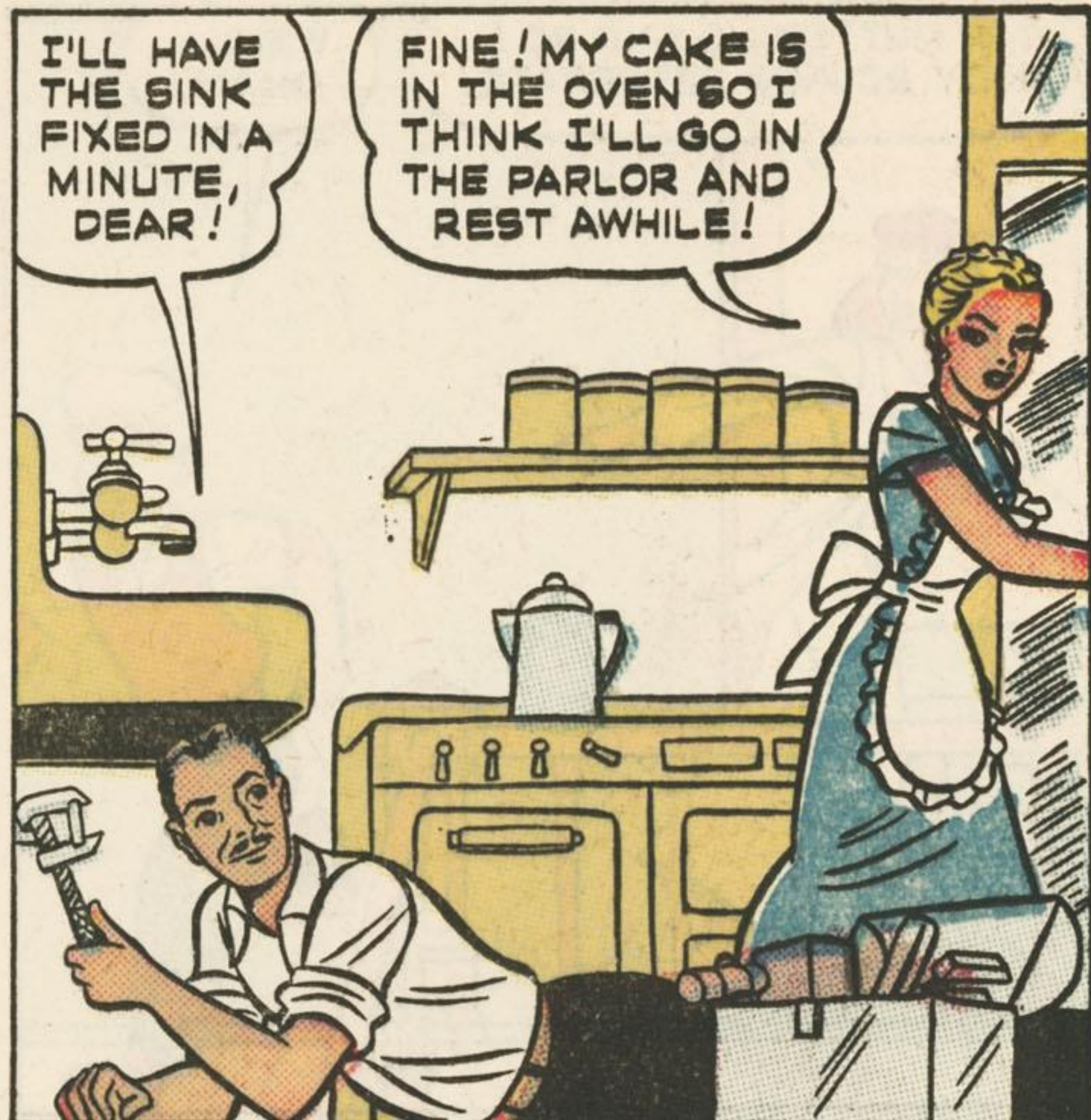
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'LL
TELL YOU! I'M SICK AND TIRED
OF WASTING MY EVENINGS
LISTENING TO LOUD CROWDS
AND NOISY JITTER-
BUG MUSIC!

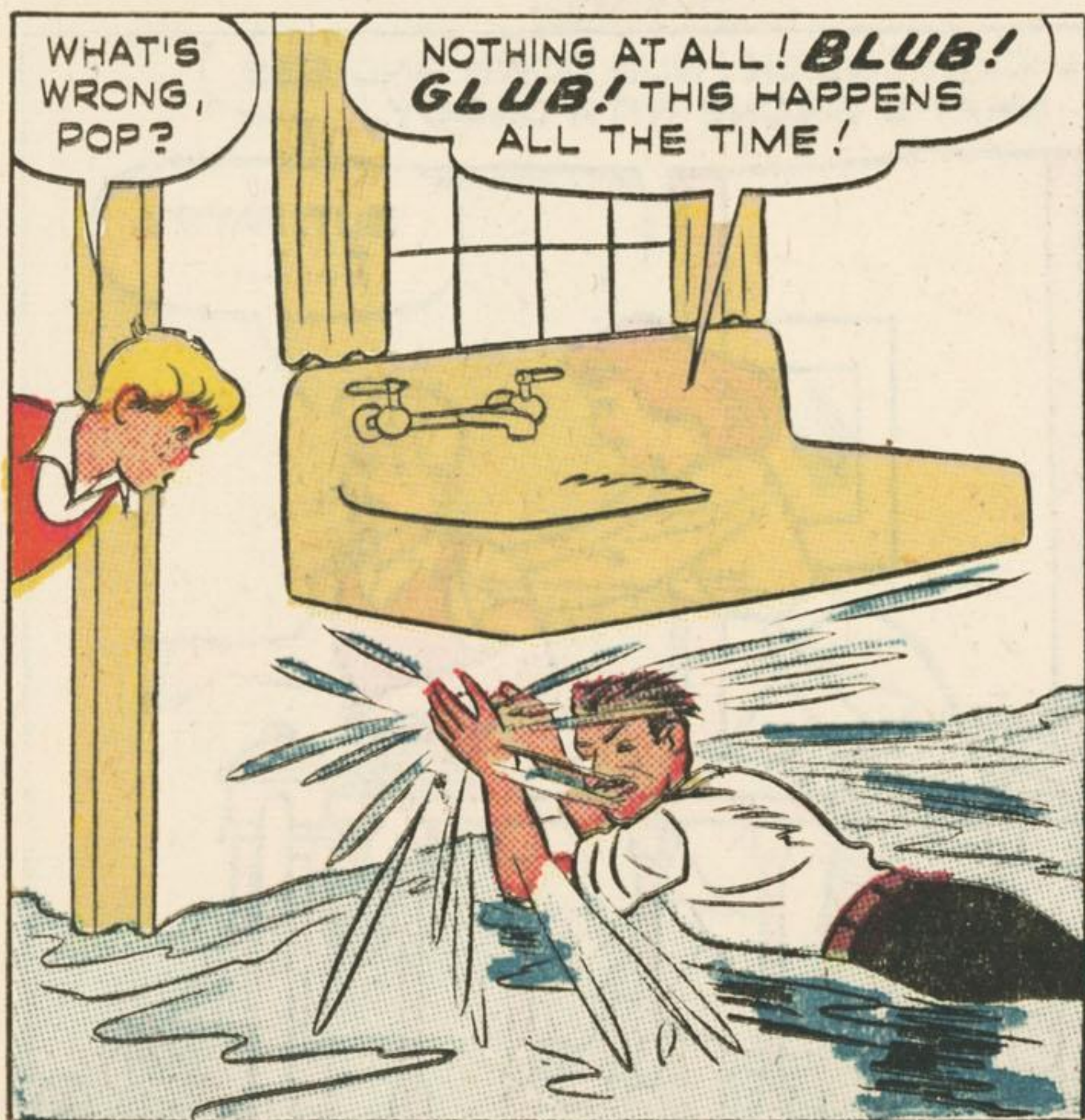
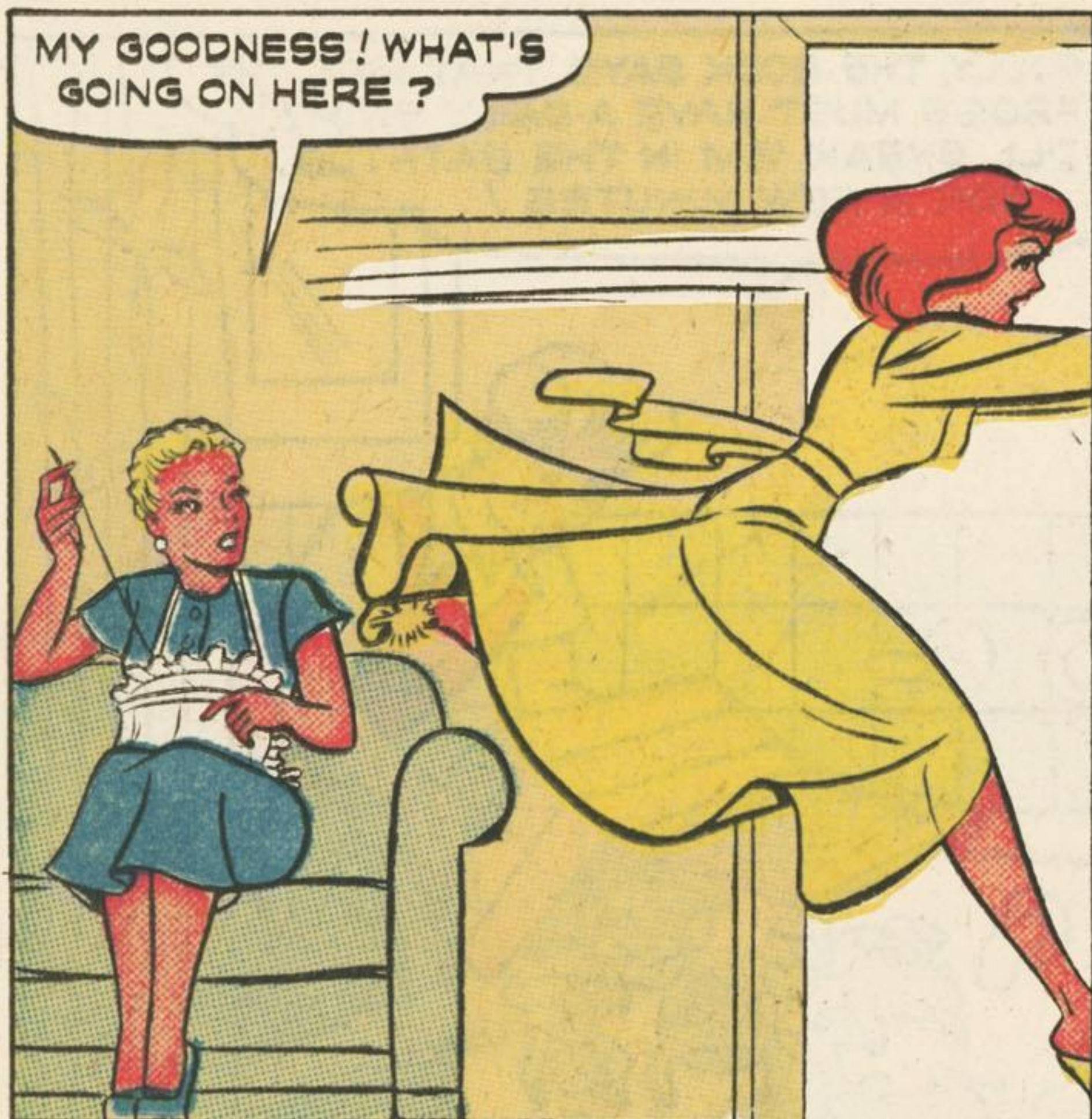
I'VE DECIDED TO TRY
SPENDING A PEACEFUL
EVENING AT HOME WITH
SOFT MUSIC AND A
GOOD BOOK!

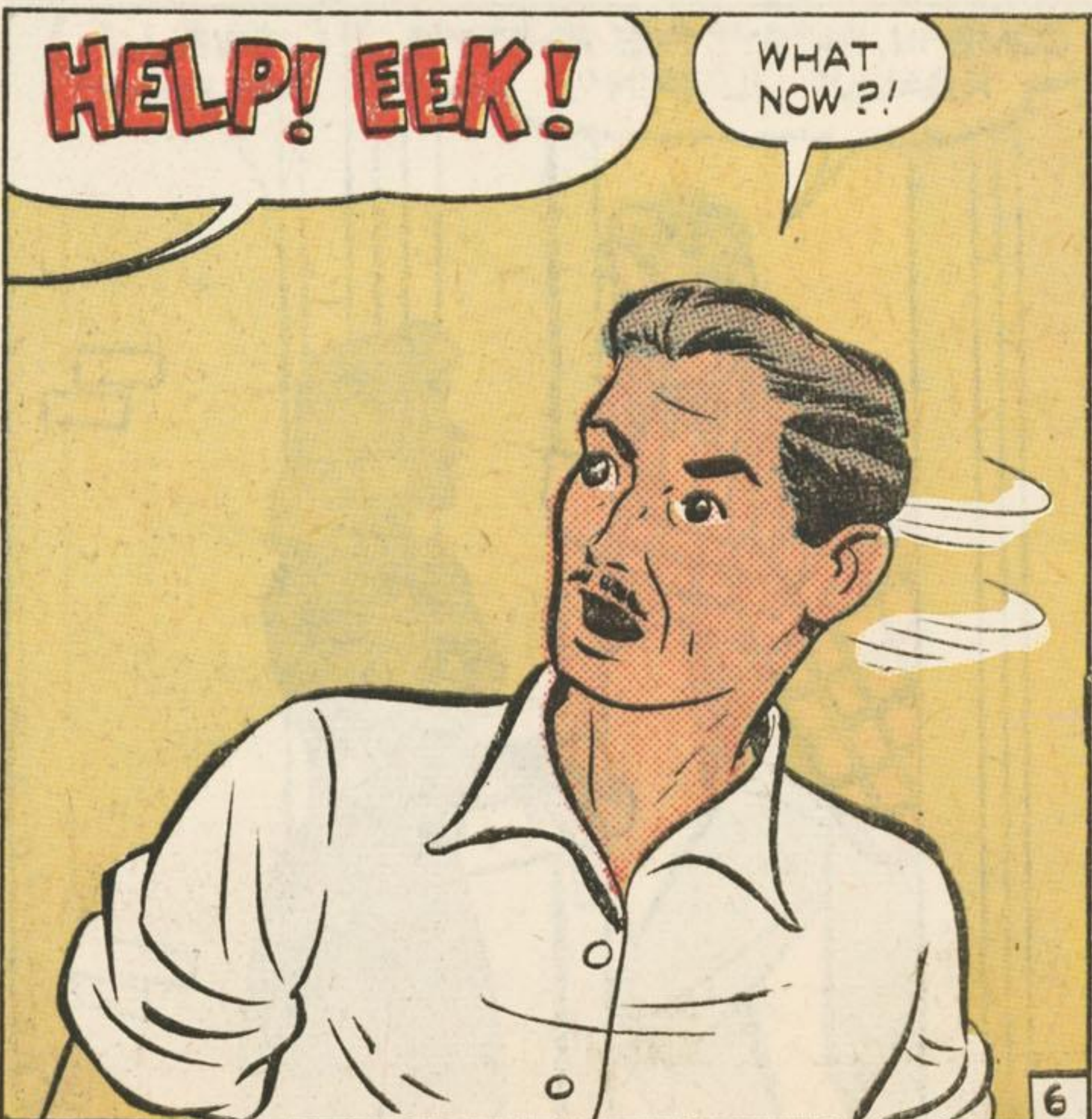
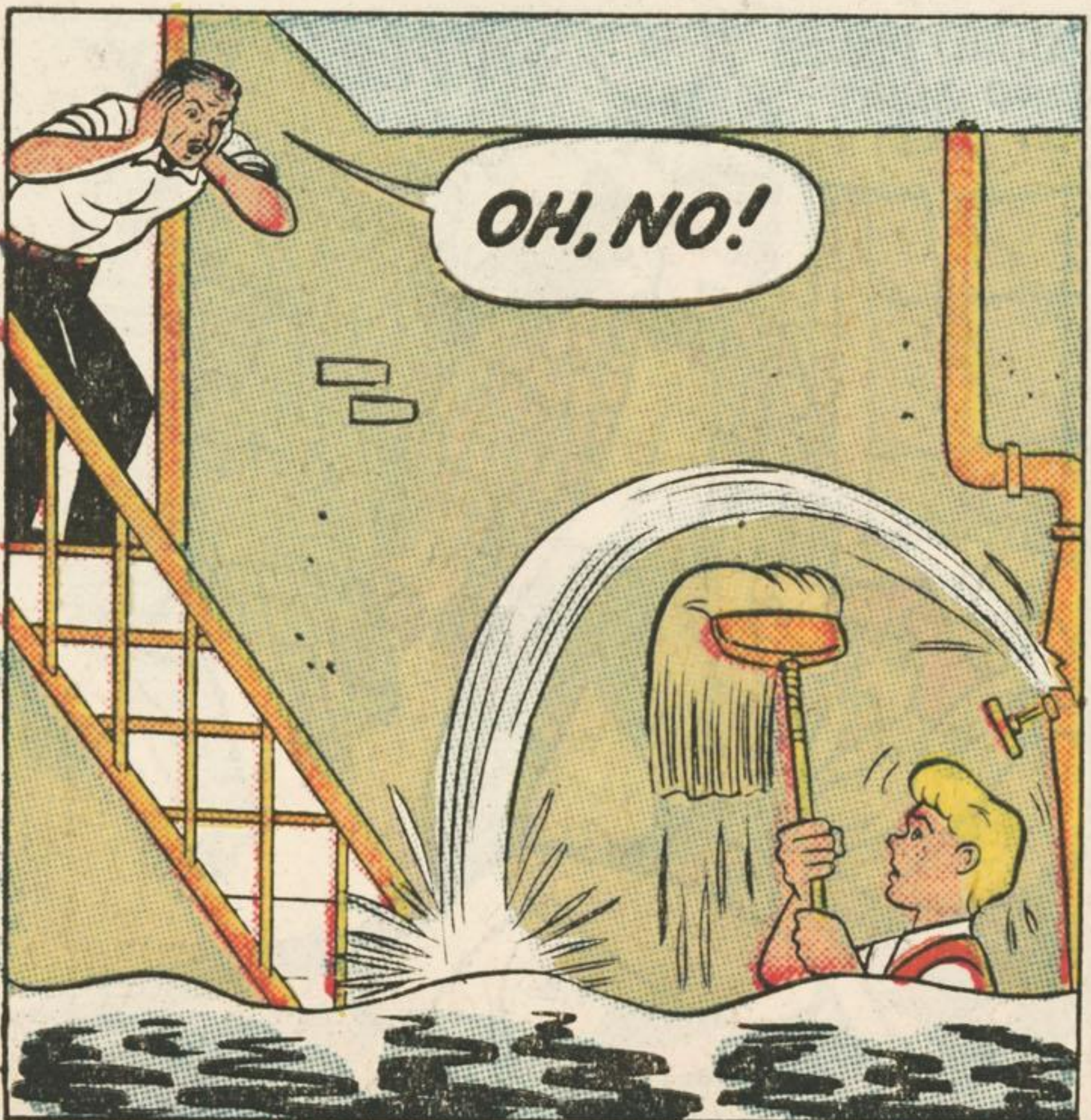
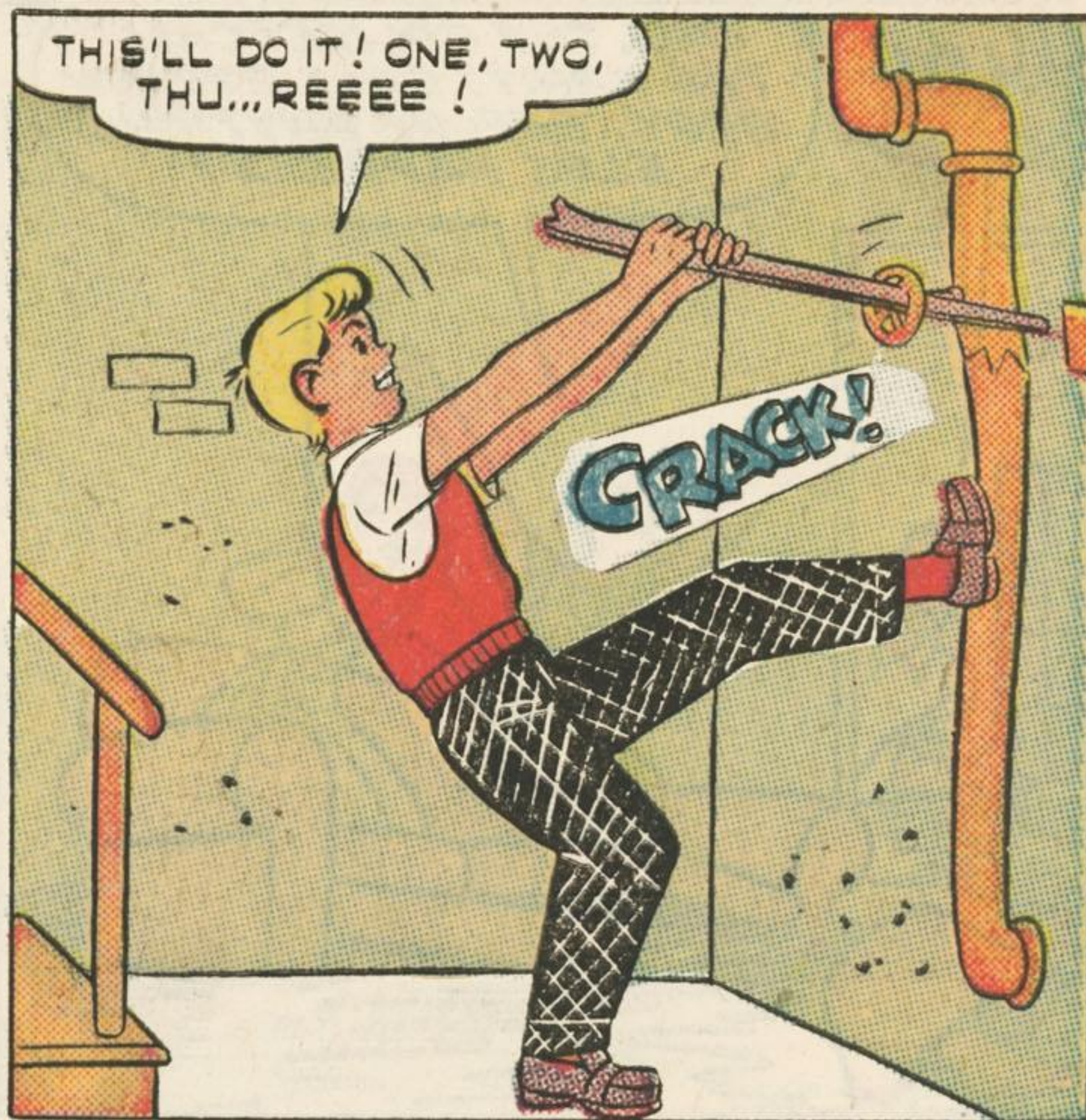
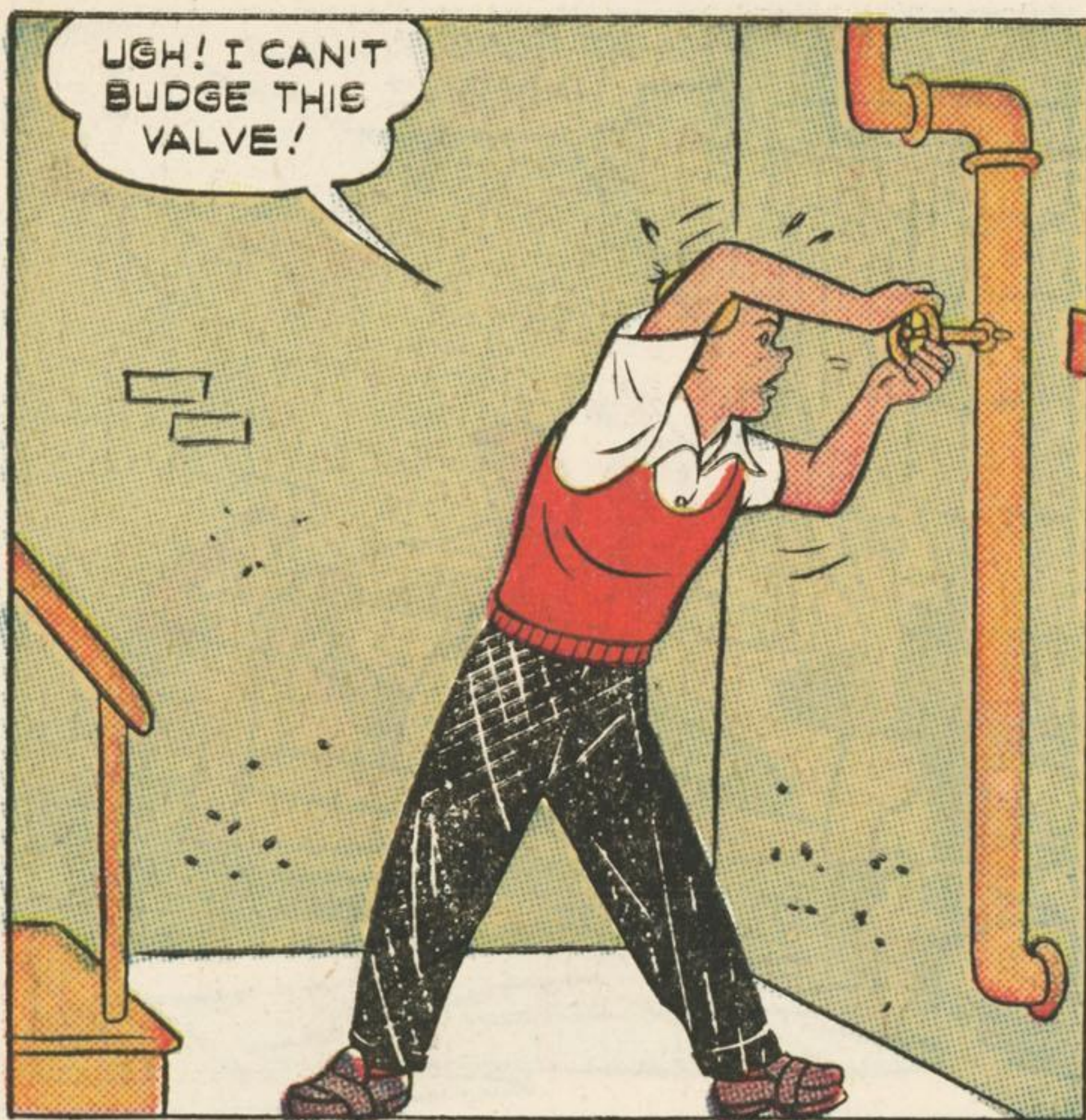
WELL... I HOPE
THE THREE OF
YOU WILL BE
VERY HAPPY!

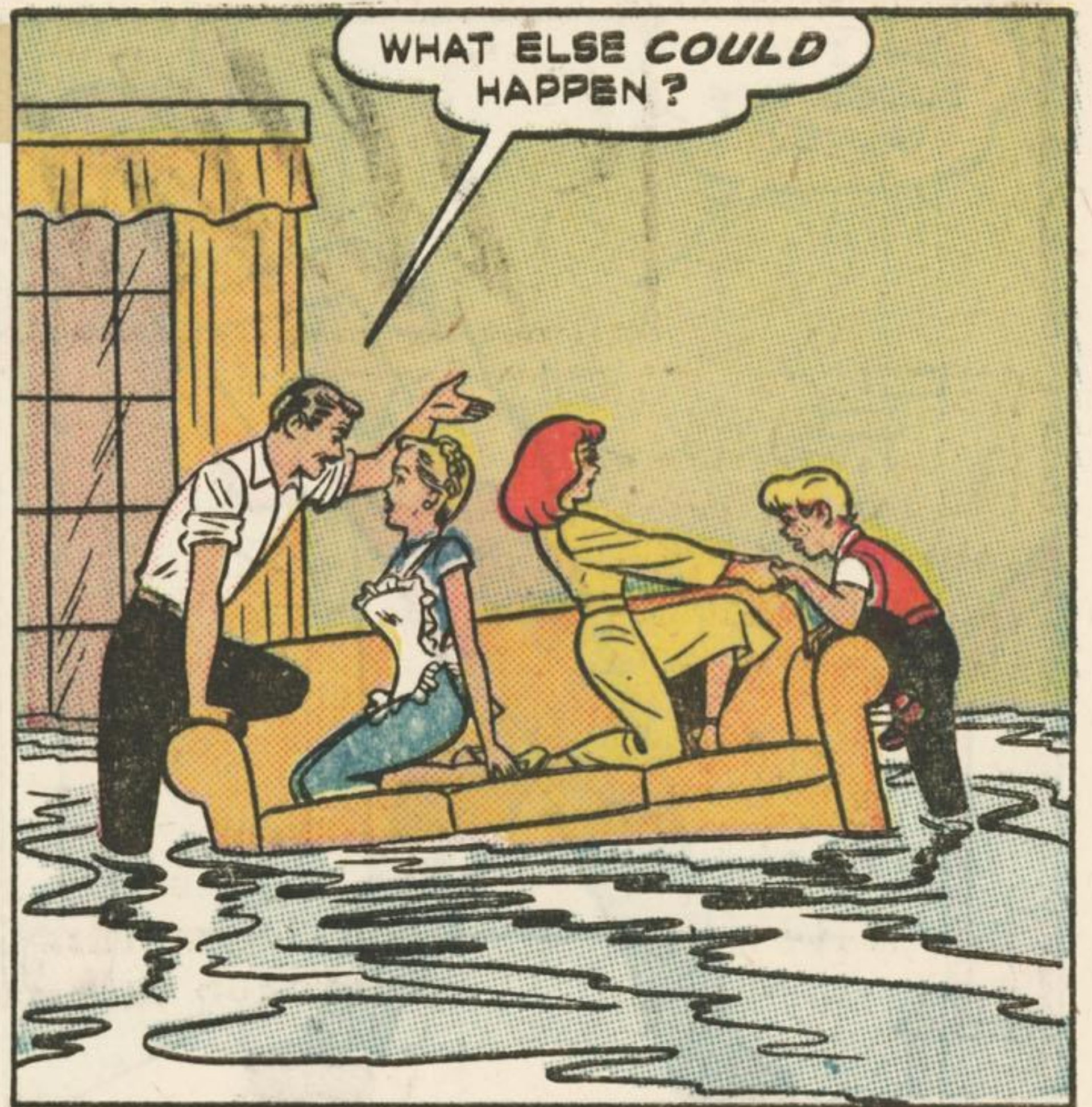












Whizz Quiz

1 This quiz won't stump you, if you're up on your geography. Fill in the blanks to complete the names of these large foreign rivers.

1. D N
2. L E
3. H I E
4. H M E
5. T I I
6. J R D
7. A M Z N
8. S H N O
9. Y N G E
10. E U R A

2 Here's a vocabulary quiz. Find the correct meaning for the following words. Give yourself ten points for each correct definition.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. novice | a. restrain |
| 2. abyss | b. beauty |
| 3. debris | c. void |
| 4. dulcet | d. conflict |
| 5. martial | e. weaken |
| 6. inhibit | f. appease |
| 7. allay | g. beginner |
| 8. enervate | h. rubbish |
| 9. discord | i. sweet |
| 10. pulchritude | j. military |

3 In each of these lists there is a stranger. Circle the one name in each list that does not belong.

1. Mars, Jupiter, Leo, Venus
2. Rubens, Verdi, Bizet, Wagner
3. Morgan, Berle, Allen, Winchell
4. Portia, Falstaff, Moses, Brutus
5. Paine, Kipling, Washington, Hale
6. Hoover, Lindbergh, Earhart, Wright
7. Hayes, Barrymore, Cornell, Caruso
8. Cantor, Chaplin, Curie, Chevalier
9. Cavallero, Cugat, Whiteman, Goldwyn
10. Iturbi, O'Neill, Shakespeare, Saroyan

TEACHUR



ANSWERS TO 1: 1—Don, 2—Nile, 3—Rhine, 4—Thames, 5—Tigris, 6—Jordan, 7—Amazon, 8—Shannon, 9—Yangtze, 10—Euphrates.

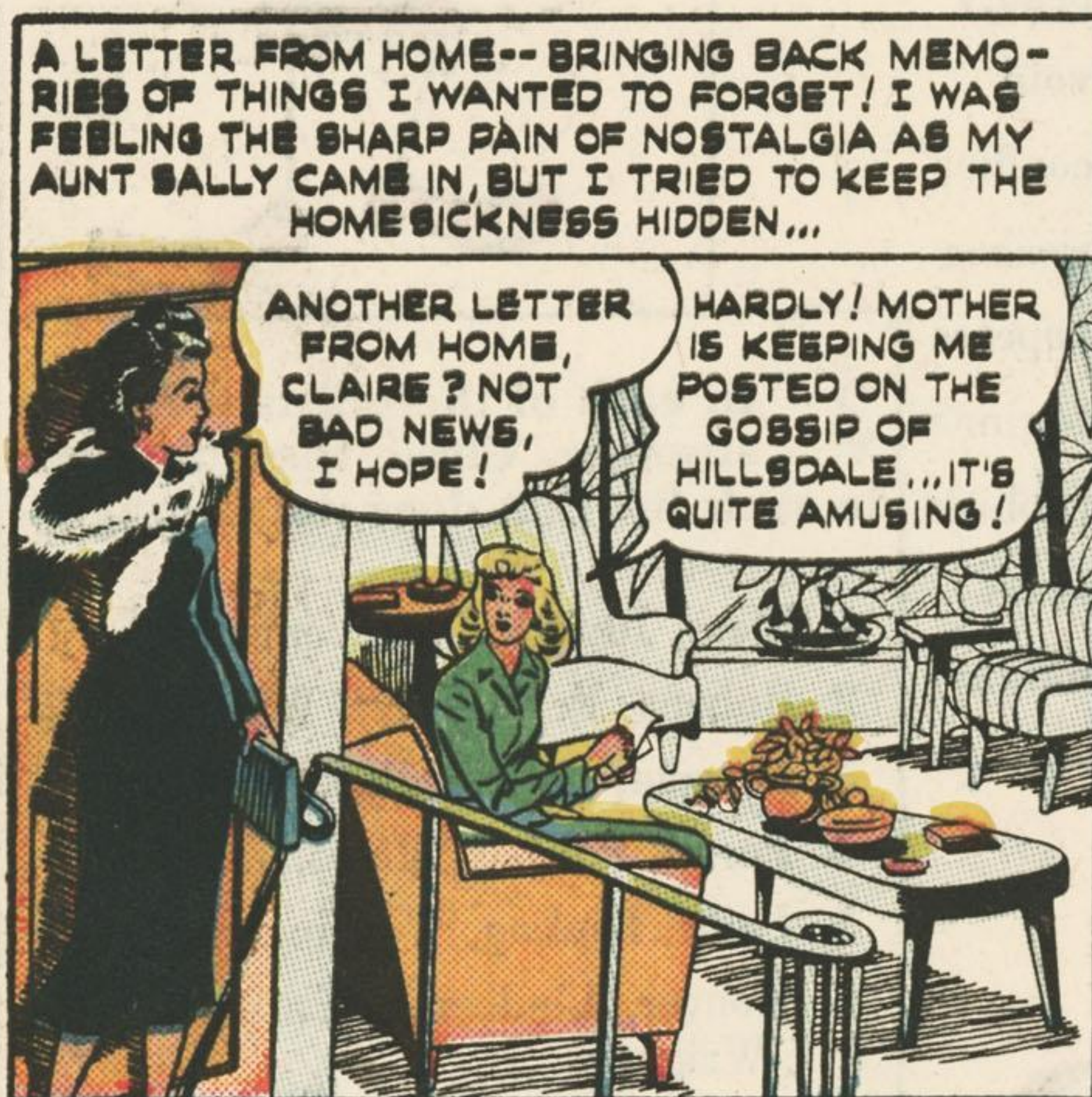
ANSWERS TO 2: 1—g, 2—c, 3—h, 4—i, 5—j, 6—a, 7—f, 8—e, 9—d, 10—b.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—Leo, 2—Rubens, 3—Winchell, 4—Moses, 5—Kipling, 6—Hoover, 7—Caruso, 8—Curie, 9—Goldwyn, 10—Iturbi.

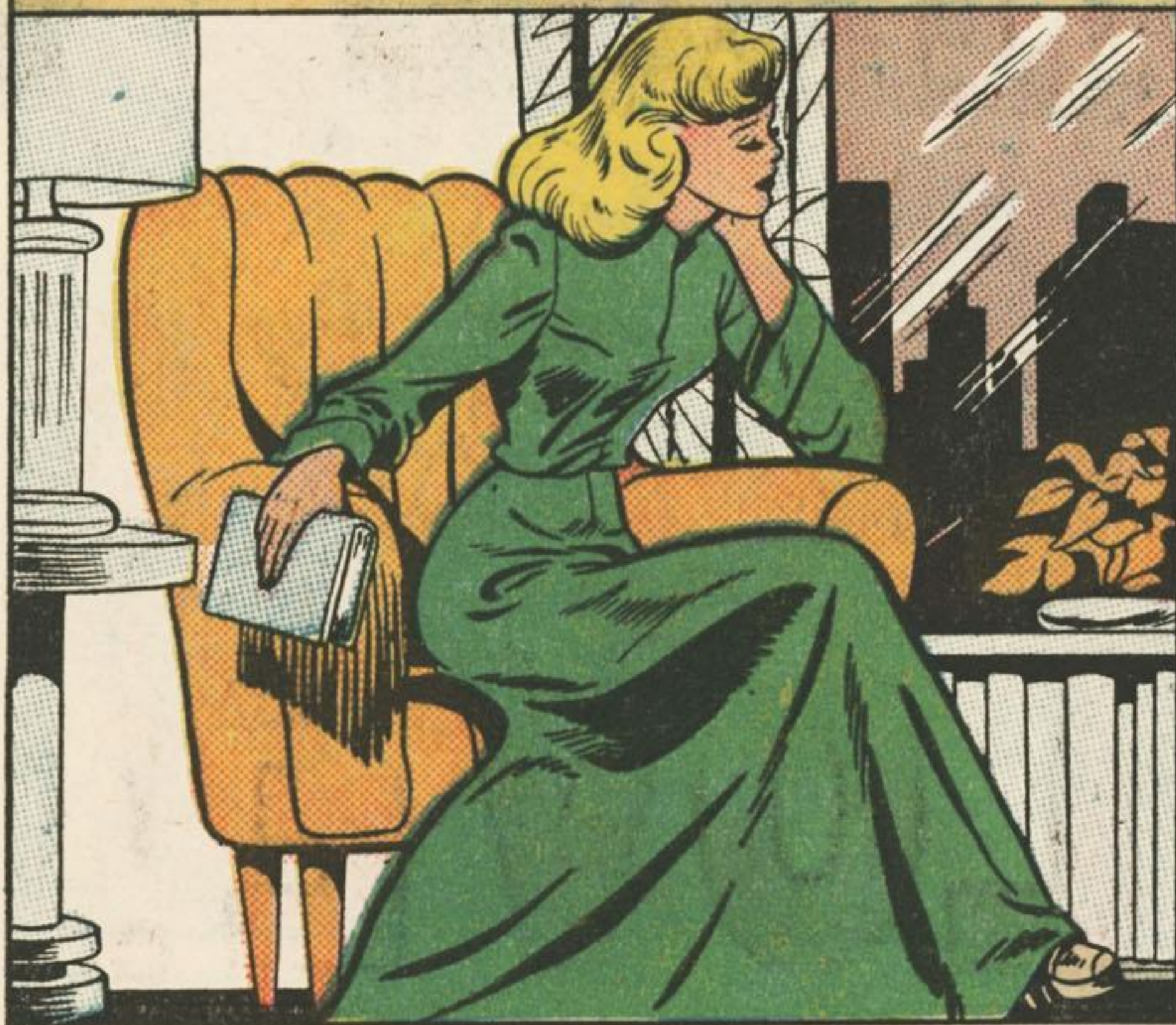
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CLAIRE KIMBERLY'S LOST LOVE!

5752



AFTER AUNT SALLY LEFT, I SLIPPED INTO SOMETHING COMFORTABLE AND TRIED TO READ! IT WAS A DULL BOOK AND I FOUND MYSELF RECALLING HOW THE PAST FEW MONTHS HAD CHANGED MY LIFE!



THE NIGHT BOB WATSON TOOK ME TO THE PRE-GRADUATION DANCE, I THOUGHT MY WHOLE FUTURE WAS SETTLED...

HAPPY I'M BACK, PRINCESS?

OH, BOB! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HOME FROM COLLEGE!



WHOA! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO DANCE!

IT'S SO CROWDED IN HERE-- LET'S GO FOR A DRIVE, BOB!



BOB DROVE TO LOOKOUT POINT, A SPOT THAT HAD BEEN A FAVORITE OF OURS IN THE OLD DAYS...

I MISSED YOU, CLAIRE!

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE BEEN ALONE WITH EACH OTHER!



NOW THAT I HAVE A JOB AT THE LAB, WE CAN GET MARRIED THIS FALL AS WE PLANNED... IF YOU STILL WANT TO!

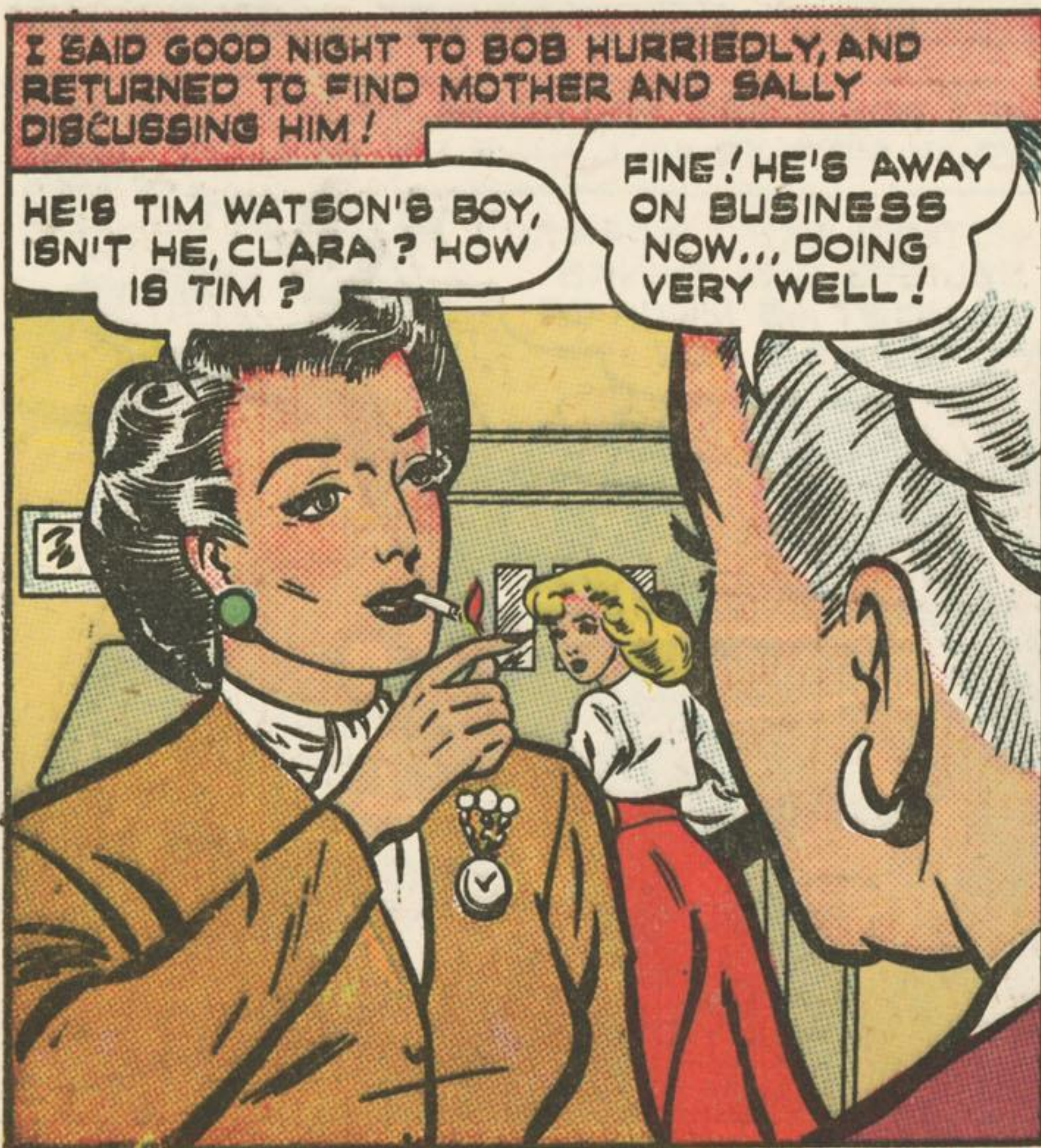
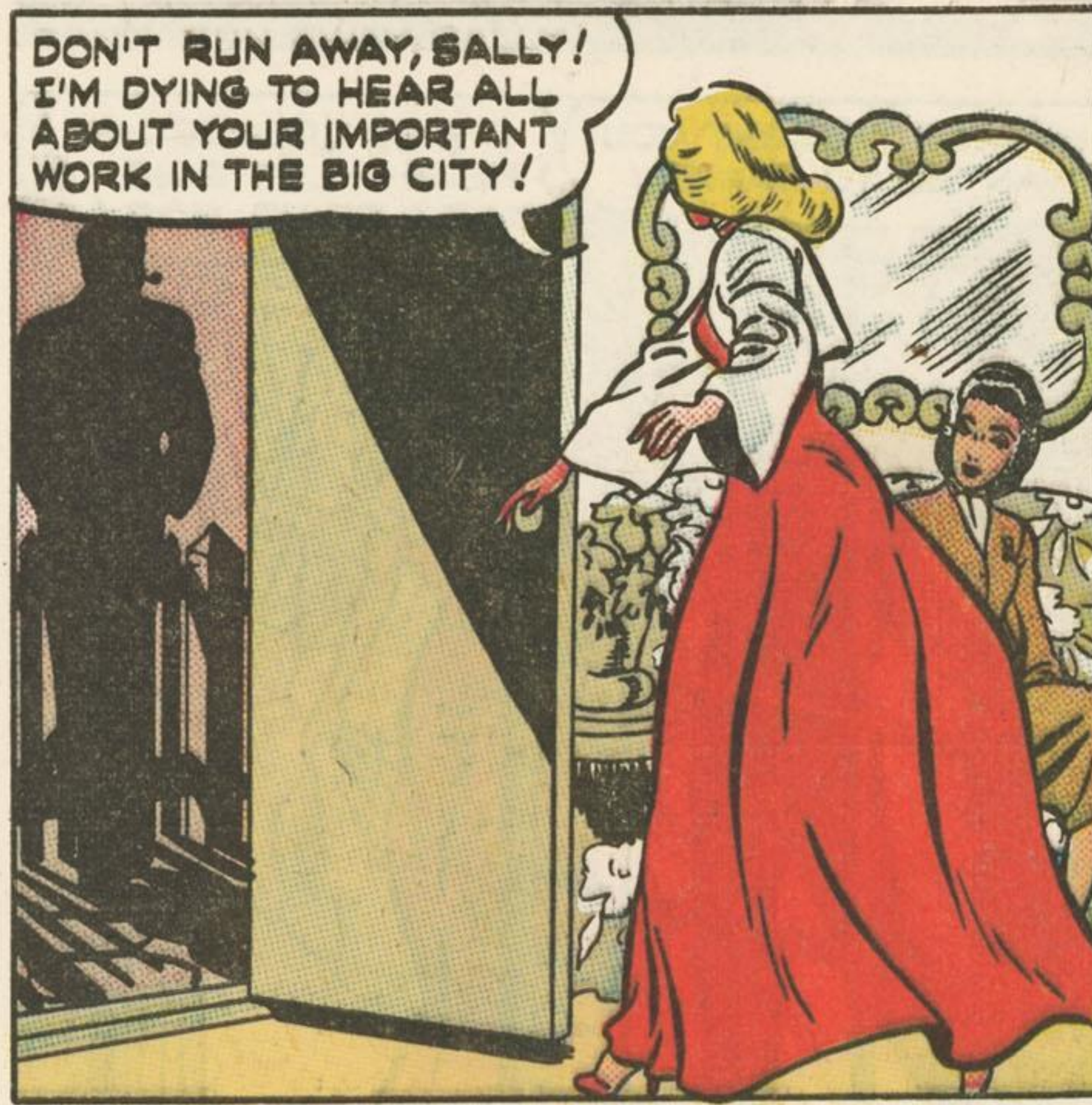
NOTHING WILL EVER CHANGE THAT!



IF I DON'T GET YOU HOME, YOUNG LADY, YOUR MOTHER WILL HAVE MY SCALP!

MOTHER WON'T WORRY... I BELIEVE SHE THINKS ALMOST AS MUCH OF YOU AS I DO!





THE DAYS SIMPLY FLEW, WITH SALLY AT OUR HOME! BEFORE I KNEW IT, IT WAS THE EVE OF HER DEPARTURE, AND I KNEW I WOULD MISS THE FASCINATING PICTURES SHE HAD PAINTED OF HER LIFE IN NEW YORK...

GOLLY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO LIVE LIKE YOU DO, SALLY!

IT COULD BE ARRANGED, CLAIRE! IF YOU'RE PLANNING A CAREER, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP!



CLAIRE ISN'T INTERESTED IN A CAREER, SALLY...SHE HAS HER MARRIAGE TO BOB ALREADY PLANNED!

IT ISN'T FAIR, CLARA, TO DENY YOUR CHILD MY HELP! SHE'S MUCH TOO PRETTY AND INTELLIGENT TO STAGNATE IN THIS TOWN!



YOU LIKED IT WELL ENOUGH ONCE, SALLY!

OH, MOTHER! I CAN'T PASS UP A CHANCE LIKE THIS... BOB WON'T MIND WAITING!



PERHAPS HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF, SALLY... VERY WELL, CLAIRE, I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY!

MOTHER! YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE DARLING!



MY ELATION DIED AS THE DOOR BELL RANG! I EXPECTED BOB, WHOM I HADN'T SEEN MUCH SINCE SALLY HAD COME! WOULD HE AGREE WITH MY PLAN TO VISIT HER?

I'LL GET IT!

SURELY HE WON'T OBJECT WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT IT WILL MEAN TO ME!



REMEMBER ME?

DON'T BE FUNNY, BOB... LET'S WALK... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!



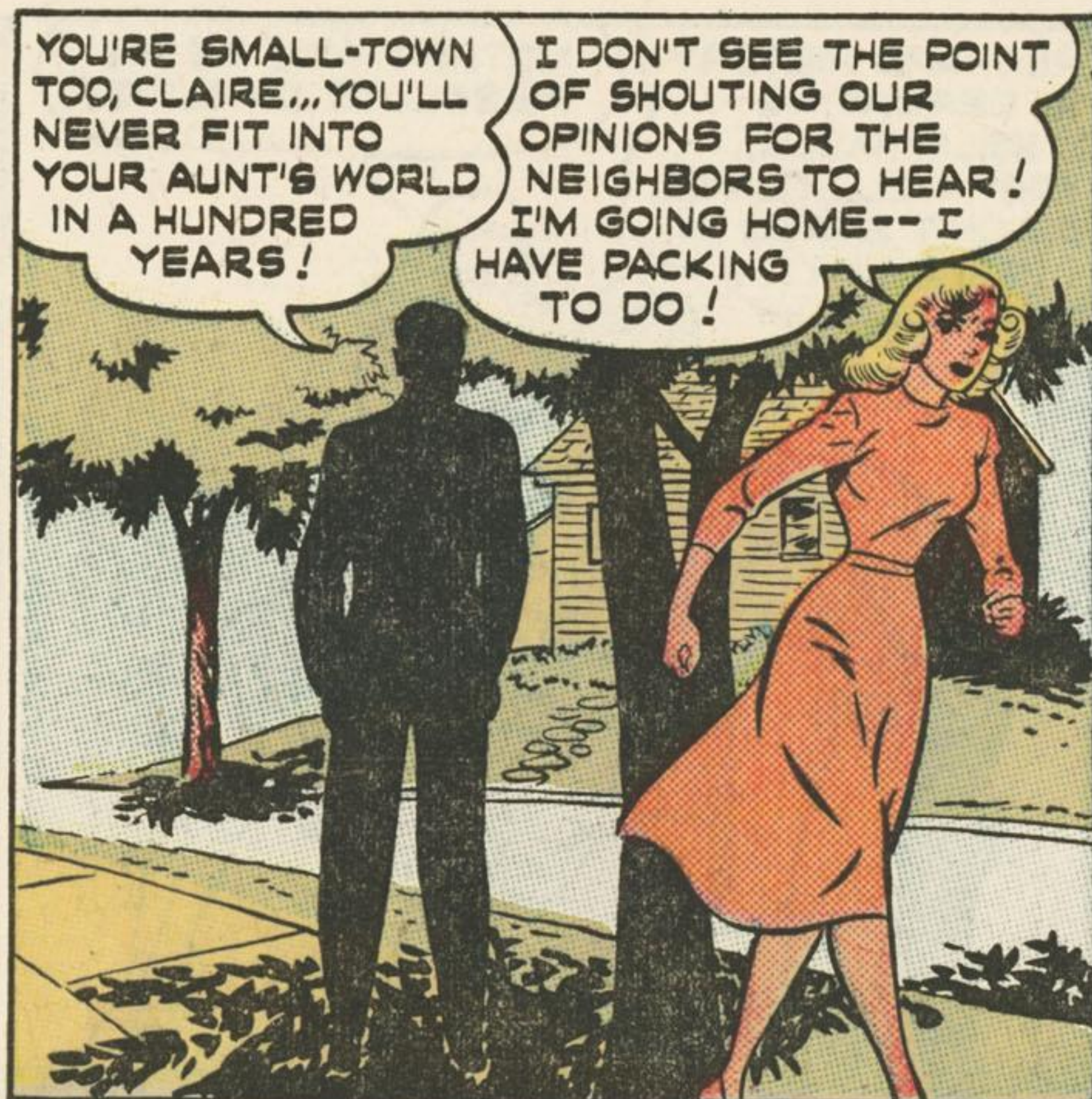


AUNT SALLY IS LEAVING TOMORROW...

CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE SHE ARRIVED... SHE'S TURNED YOUR HEAD! MAYBE NOW YOU'LL HAVE SOME TIME FOR ME!



I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THAT ATTITUDE FROM A SMALL-TOWN MIND LIKE YOURS! IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW I'M LEAVING WITH AUNT SALLY TOMORROW!



YOU'RE SMALL-TOWN TOO, CLAIRE... YOU'LL NEVER FIT INTO YOUR AUNT'S WORLD IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

I DON'T SEE THE POINT OF SHOUTING OUR OPINIONS FOR THE NEIGHBORS TO HEAR! I'M GOING HOME-- I HAVE PACKING TO DO!



AFTER MY SCENE WITH BOB, I FELT SO MISERABLE I WOULD HAVE CALLED MY VISIT OFF BUT FOR MY STUBBORNNESS AND MY HURT AT HIS ATTITUDE!

I'LL SHOW BOB WATSON WHO'S SMALL-TOWN!

AND I DID SHOW BOB! AUNT SALLY, WITH HER POSITION IN AN ADVERTISING AGENCY AND HER MANY CONTACTS, HELPED ME BECOME ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST PHOTOGRAPHED MODELS!



HOLD THAT, MISS ANDREWS!



AT FIRST IT WAS EASY TO FORGET BOB BY LOSING MYSELF IN THE GAY LIFE THAT BECKONED!

REALLY, GENTLEMEN! ALL THIS ATTENTION IS LIABLE TO TURN MY HEAD!

OF LATE I HAD FOUND IT HARDER TO IGNORE THE ACHE IN MY HEART FOR BOB!... I DID NOT HEAR SALLY RETURN UNTIL SHE SPOKE, AN ODD NOTE OF INSISTENCE IN HER VOICE...



CLAIRE, I MUST TALK TO YOU...

SALLY! BACK SO SOON FROM THE THEATER?

I DIDN'T GO, CLAIRE! I SPENT THE PAST HOUR WALKING AND THINKING ...ABOUT A PROUD, STUBBORN GIRL WHO, LIKE YOU, GAVE UP MARRIAGE FOR A CAREER!



DID SHE REGRET IT?

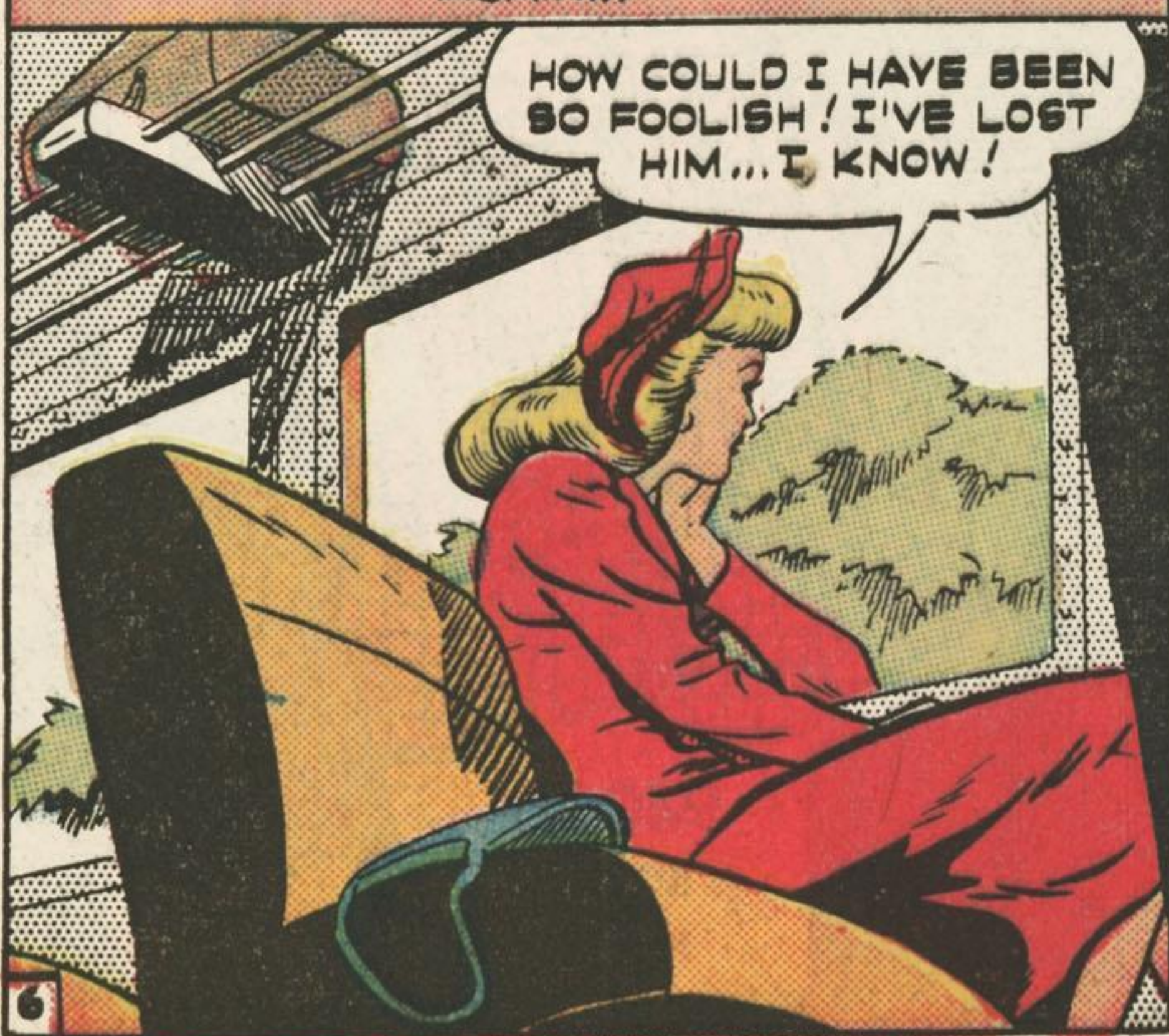
REGRET IS A PALE WORD TO DESCRIBE TEN LONG YEARS OF EMPTINESS...



MY LONELINESS MADE ME BRING YOU HERE, BUT I CAN'T SEE IT HAPPEN TO YOU TOO! GO BACK TO HILLSDALE AND YOUR LOVE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE... DO IT QUICKLY AND NEVER LOOK BACK!



OVERRULING ANY PROTEST, AUNT SALLY HAD ME ON A TRAIN FOR HILLSDALE IN A MATTER OF HOURS! THE RIDE WAS AGONIZINGLY SLOW! I WAS SURE BOB HAD NO DESIRE TO SEE ME AGAIN...



HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO FOOLISH! I'VE LOST HIM... I KNOW!

MY HEART LEAPED WHEN I SAW BOB ON THE PLATFORM! MY CAREFULLY REHEARSED WORDS OF GREETING WERE SWEEP AWAY IN HIS EMBRACE...

OH, BOB! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS ON THIS TRAIN?

YOUR AUNT SALLY CALLED ME! YOU SEE, CLAIRE, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO SHE BROKE UP WITH MY DAD-- WHO LATER MARRIED MY MOTHER! SHE DIDN'T WANT THE SAME THING TO HAPPEN TO US!



THE END

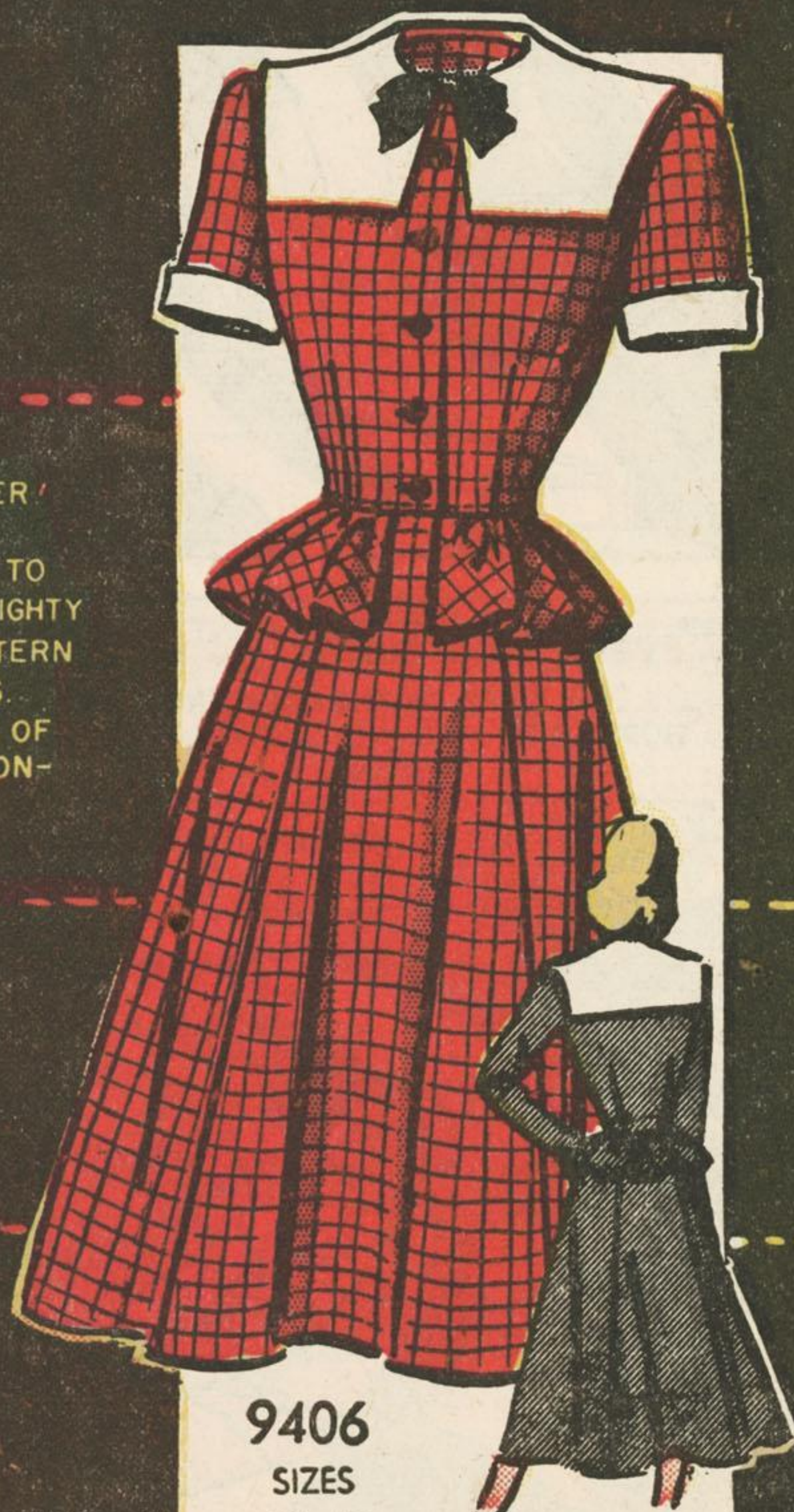
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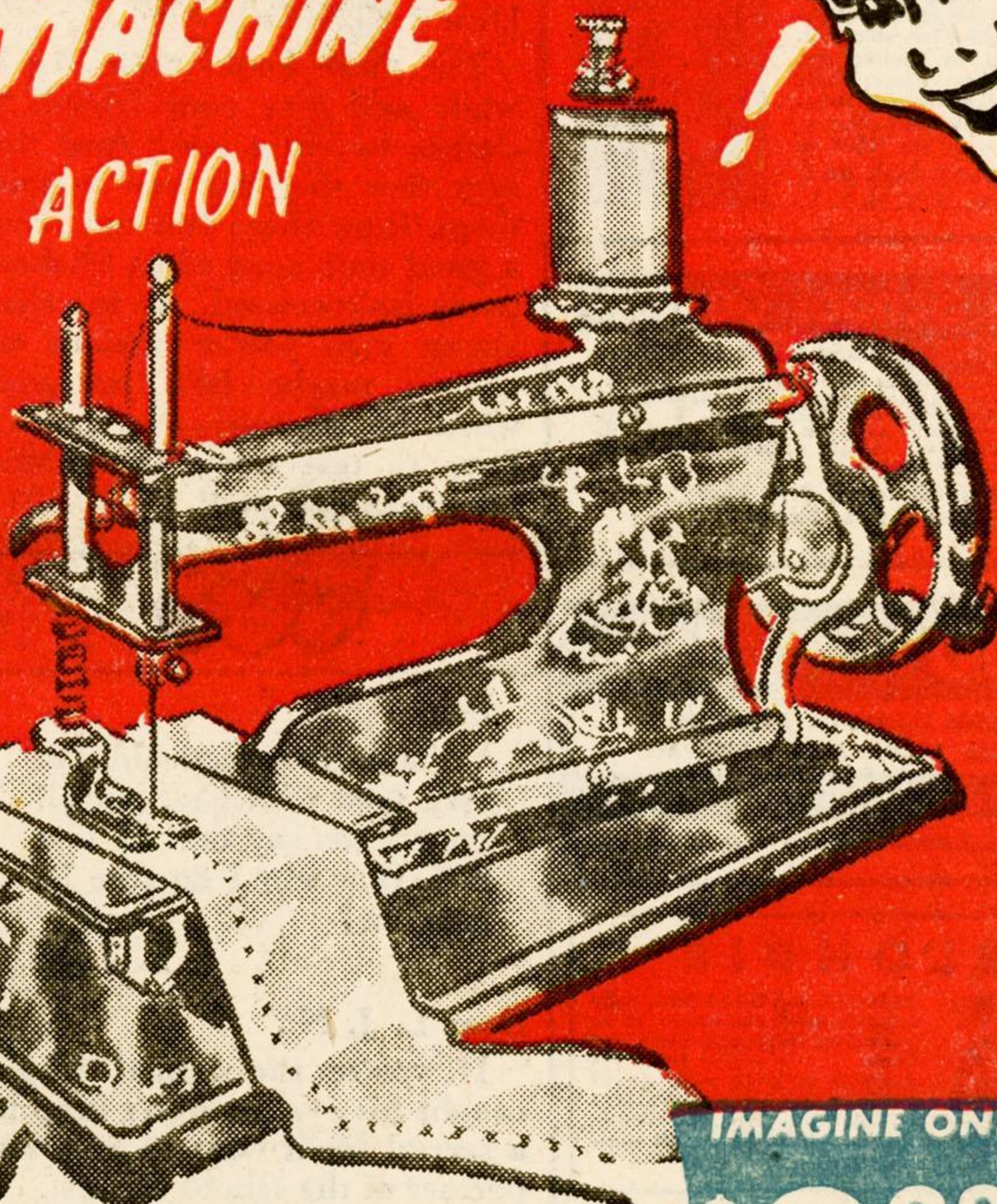
9406
SIZES
10-16

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CONTINUED FROM PG.19

shared with just anyone who'll listen. Suggest sweetly that he pin up a **PRIVATE** sign and save his wonderful words for you alone . . .



Dear Polly,

I am a teen-ager and a very good student. My friends at school think of me as "the girl behind the glasses," who is too busy

studying her math to go out with them. How can I win the boy I like, when he thinks I'm a bookworm?

J. G

Dear J. G.,

Put those books aside for a while and give your friends a chance to know you! And the next time they ask you to join them, show them you can have a good time even when Shakespeare isn't around. As for that young man you're anxious to charm: maybe he'll succumb when he discovers he doesn't have to tear down the public library to find you!



Dear Polly,

I'm thirteen years old. I'm very fond of a boy, but all my friends say that he is a flirt. How can I be sure he likes me?

L. J. N.

Dear L. J. N.,

If you're the damsel who's caught his eye, he won't keep it a secret! He'll want to be your partner at the school dances . . . When the gang stops in for a banana split, he'll be on the stool next to yours . . . Between classes, he'll pause for a chat . . . And you'll seldom have to carry your heavy history books home alone.

See if you get more of his smiles and attention than anyone else. If you do, there's no doubt about it . . . you're extra special!



Dear Polly,

I'm eighteen, and I like my boy friend too much to give him up—but he always refuses to go out with my crowd when we are invited. He feels that he is imposing upon them, he says. How can I make him see that it is more fun to go out with a

group than for the two of us to go to a movie alone?

D. L. B

Dear D. L. B.,

It's wonderful you have the attitude you do! You see the values in mixing, and you're bent on fixing your boy friend's bashfulness. But you'll have to be careful, and introduce him to your friends gradually. This way you'll give him a chance to see them as people, not just a huge pack of strangers.

Why don't you begin by suggesting occasional double-dates with Jim and Laurie? Once they're his pals, take on a few more, and in a short time, he should forget his fears. Remember that a group of people who have been together for a long time and have shared lots of jokes and experiences—terrific as they may be—can be terrifying to someone who doesn't know them!



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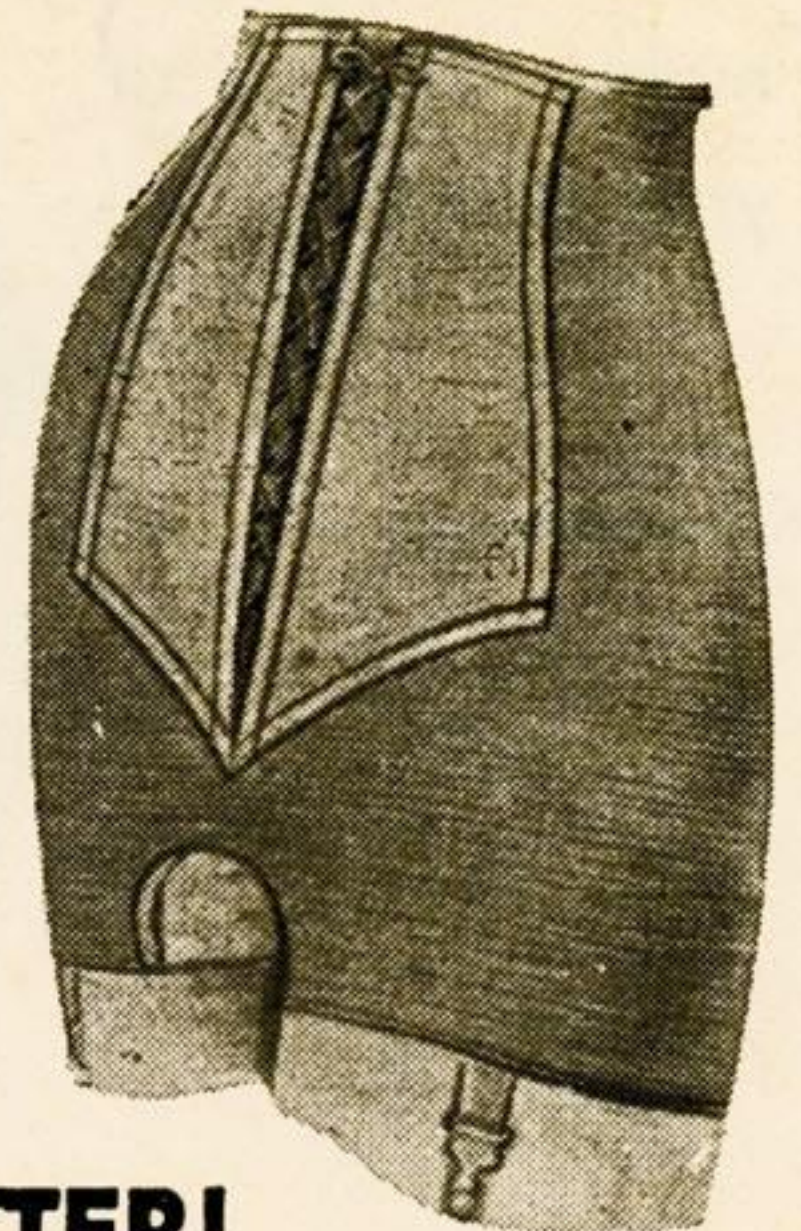
Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new *adjustable* front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and *PRESTO* your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

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The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places*, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen*, press upwards and in gently, *but firmly*. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!



The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It *readjusts* easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control*. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. *Pounds and inches* seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. *No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer.* Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

ONLY.....\$3.98

Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

FREE:

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 6 O
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.

☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-28); ☐ Med. (27-28); ☐ Lg. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (34-36); ☐ XXXL (38-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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Dramatic skirt that swings and swirls alluringly! A full 220 inches of all-around accordion pleats make this your date favorite! See how the buttoned bodice clings, how the shawl collar neckline plunges daringly. Matching buttons on the smart cuff sleeves. And your waist is extra-tiny . . . held by a swagger buckled belt with gold-toned eyelets. In foam-light rayon jersey that makes the most of your figure.

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Rush this new style. On delivery I will pay postman full amount plus postage. Sizes 38-46 are \$7.99.

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